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## CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

THE WEEK ..... 551

## EDITORIAL ARTICLES:

The Presidential Message ..... 554  
The Governors' Conference ..... 554  
Turkish Difficulties ..... 555  
The Study of Military History ..... 556  
Cost of Going to College ..... 557  
Thoroughness in College ..... 558

## SPECIAL ARTICLES:

German Books ..... 559  
News for Bibliophiles ..... 560

## CORRESPONDENCE:

The Copyright Law ..... 560  
Scandinavian Studies ..... 561  
A Universal Alphabet ..... 561

## LITERATURE:

New Gift-Books ..... 561  
The Life of Benjamin Disraeli ..... 562  
The Reef ..... 564  
Bubbles of the Foam ..... 564  
My Dog and I ..... 565  
The Creed of Half Japan—The Japanese Nation, Its Land, Its People, and Its Life—American-Japanese Relations ..... 565  
The American Mind ..... 566  
The Inn of Tranquillity ..... 566  
Troy: A Study in Homeric Geography ..... 567  
The Lighter Side of Irish Life ..... 567  
Books for Children.—II ..... 568

NOTES ..... 568

## SCIENCE:

Sub-Alpine Plants, or the Flowers of the Swiss Woods and Meadows.... 571

DRAMA ..... 572

## MUSIC:

Selected Piano Composition: Franz Schubert.—Forty Songs; Peter Iljitch Tchaikovsky.—German, French, and Italian Song Classics.—Creature Songs ..... 573

ART ..... 574

## FINANCE:

The Break in the Stock Market ..... 575

BOOKS OF THE WEEK ..... 575

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# The Nation

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## The Week

The complete election figures from Idaho are eloquent of what might be called the voting temperament of the normal American. For President, a total of 104,000 votes was cast. For members of Congress, the vote was 96,000. For Governor, it was 92,000. For other State officers, it was 87,000. On the question of the adoption of the initiative and referendum, only 58,000 voters expressed themselves, and only 51,000 on the recall. Thus, in an election in which it might be thought more difficult than usual for the voter to make up his mind whom to vote for as President, more than twice as many electors took the trouble to do this as cared whether their power over officials was or was not extended; and of every five who voted for President, not quite three had enough interest in the subject of direct legislation to say either yes or no to the question whether they wanted it or not. Measures, not men, is a time-honored cry, but it does not need the citing of figures to prove that, ordinarily, it is men rather than measures that fill the public eye. One almost gets the impression that the hurried sovereign in the voting-booth would like to make a mark opposite the name of the Presidential candidate of his choice, and let it go at that.

All that Chairman Underwood has had publicly to say about the coming revision of the tariff is marked by good sense. It hits off, too, we make no question, the general desire in this business. The work is to be done. It is to be done with as much thoroughness as possible, but, above all, with dispatch. With this latter requisite in mind Mr. Underwood proposes to begin tariff hearings early in January. That would make it possible to get the preliminaries out of the way before the extra session of Congress is called. Indeed, there seems to be no reason why the chief tariff bills should not be prepared in advance, and be ready for introduction as soon as the new Congress is organized. The forms of procedure in this affair are of small con-

sequence. What is essential is to get the thing done and out of the way.

Future historians may be tempted to define the Progressive party as a party which early in its career got the habit of going to Chicago and never quite lost it. For many Progressives on the "Bull Moose special" which left New York on Sunday this was the third trip within half a year. They went to Chicago in June to nominate the Colonel, and failed. They went there again in August, and succeeded. They have gone there in December to say they are glad they did it. There is a story about an applicant for United States citizenship who was asked whether he was a Socialist, and replied yes; he believed in going out with his friends and having a pleasant social time. What with its conferences and its junketings and its post-election banquets the new party of social justice seems to be having a nice social time of it. We are glad that this is so. Too many radical parties are apt to behave as if the state of things against which they are protesting had turned this world into a vale of tears. There is no sackcloth and ashes about the Bull Moose leaders. While working to make this country a better place for their children, they manage to get a bit of fun out of it for themselves.

Attorney-General Wickersham's admission, in his annual report, that "the experience of the last year in endeavoring to enforce criminal liability under the Sherman law has not been encouraging," must not be construed as meaning more than it says. Nor is the whole history of the enforcement of the Sherman act, in connection with the great combinations that have been declared unlawful or guilty of unlawful practices, to be taken as demonstrating the impotency of the law on its criminal side. Even where crimes are of a far simpler nature, the fact of long-continued immunity for big offenders is no proof of the permanence of such immunity; the time comes when the sleeping forces of the law are thoroughly awakened. But in the case of the Anti-Trust law there has been the additional circumstance that the line between legal guilt and

legal innocence was, in many instances, hard to draw. It goes counter to the sense of justice to put men in prison for having done what many perfectly honest and highly intelligent people regarded as permissible under the law. A condition precedent to making the Anti-Trust act a workable criminal law was that the intent of the law, as understood by the courts, should be made plain enough to serve as an effective warning.

Whether one believes in the Secretary of the Navy's jingo demand for three new battleships and all sorts of minor vessels or not, it is undeniable that the progress of the navy in the matter of efficient administration has been marked these last few years, and that this will redound to Secretary Meyer's credit. Thus, in his annual report, he records the fact that all assignments of captains and admirals are now made by the Secretary only after the full council of the Aides of the Secretary has reviewed the records of the officers available and, from personal knowledge of the men concerned, picked them for the various duties. There was a time when the question whether you went to sea or not, and, if so, what ship you obtained, depended upon how well you stood with the Chief of the Bureau of Navigation. The establishment of the Aides (for operations, personnel, material, and inspection) is another achievement of Mr. Meyer's which has done much to coordinate the service. Under him the Aides and bureau chiefs meet once a month in the Secretary's office for consultation; and in order to standardize the work of the navy yards their commandants meet monthly on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts and annually in Washington. We believe that Mr. Meyer is largely justified in saying that "the business of the navy is now being conducted with a minimum expenditure while maintaining the highest efficiency of the fleet."

Representative Pujo's project of dealing with the sins of high finance by the delightfully simple expedient of shutting it out of the mails need not be taken seriously. But the fact that it need not be taken seriously is itself a very

serious matter. A more difficult question to deal with than the problem presented by the concentration of financial power, and especially control over business credit, does not exist. Few will deny that there is here a real evil, though there are the widest possible differences of opinion not only as to what can be done about it, but also as to its extent. The question is not peculiar to our own country, though it is more acute with us than elsewhere. It has long been engaging serious attention in Germany, and was the subject of prolonged discussion in the sessions of the great Commission on banking laws held in that country in 1908 and 1909. But if anything is to be accomplished, the problem must be studied by competent minds, and its legislative aspects dealt with by men of good judgment, of clear purpose, and controlled by a sober sense of responsibility. That the chairman of the Congressional subcommittee in charge of the question should be capable of making so childish a proposal as this of Mr. Pujo is at once laughable and melancholy.

Philadelphia and Pennsylvania are in for an unusual amount of Constitutional agitation, if not of Constitutional alteration. The Legislative Committee of the Republican State Convention has declared for a Constitutional Convention, nothing less radical being sufficient to carry out the proposals of the Flinn Convention of last summer. They include the initiative, referendum, and recall, regulation of conditions of labor, workingmen's compensation and employers' liability, reform of the judicial system, increase in the borrowing capacity of cities, and municipal ownership. Pennsylvania's present Constitution dates from 1873, although it has been amended three times since 1900. For Philadelphia, the Committee of Seventy proposes, not commission government, but an approach to it by setting up a single councilmanic chamber, the number of councilmen being reduced to fifteen, these to be elected not from wards, but on a general ticket. It is the contention of those who are advocating this change that, while the Mayoralty has been redeemed from the spoliemen by the simple process of choosing an honest Mayor, he is hampered by the ward bosses operating through their creatures in Common and Select Coun-

cils. The proposed reform is a step further in the line of the principle of the Bullitt Charter—the concentration of responsibility.

One feels that a new verb should be added to English, "to blease." This would mean doing a great number of obnoxious things at the same time or in quick succession, as, for instance, invoking the sacred name of the law and the starry flag in one breath and inciting to murder in the next; exalting the chivalry of Southern manhood as exerted in the defence of woman's honor, and sending women shamefaced out of the room by the foulness of one's language; uttering loud cries in defence of the misunderstood, mistreated Southland, and making other Southern Governors writhe in their seats with disgust. "To blease" is a veritable treasure-house of onomatopœia. It immediately suggests a host of other expressive verbs: to blow, to bleat, to scream, to wheeze, to blab. It is eminently adapted to describe the act of raising clouds of dust, getting red in the face, threatening to have a man's life, defying heaven, the lightning, and the dispensary laws of one's State. To the press associations the new verb would bring untold savings. Instead of sending out column dispatches, a newspaper correspondent would merely have to wire, "He bleases again."

What a child labor law means is brought out with especial vividness by the statement that, as a result of the raising of the age limit for child workers in Maryland from twelve to fourteen years, more than 2,000 new pupils are expected to be enrolled in the schools of Baltimore. Above a thousand of these are boys and girls who will exchange the shop for the school-room. The rest, who are between the ages of thirteen years three months and fourteen years, will be allowed to continue at work, provided they attend night school. This procedure is necessitated by the lack of room in the day schools. The net result is a gain of two years in educational training for these two regiments of children. The mere picture of rows of boys and girls sitting or standing behind machines, and the same boys and girls in school-rooms, would appear to be argument enough for legislation preventing child labor.

Coincident with Secretary Wilson's announcement last week that the corn crop was the largest in the history of the country, came publication of the result of several years' investigation by medical experts, correcting the widely spread notion that pellagra is a form of chronic poisoning caused by eating damaged maize. Members of the Thompson-MacFadden Pellagra Commission here arrived at the same conclusion as did the London hospital authorities with regard to pellagra, namely, that it is a germ disease conveyed by insects—probably the buffalo gnat, a midge which frequents running streams as mosquitoes do stagnant water. From an English point of view, the study of pellagra has become important. The disease is endemically prevalent in Great Britain, and last week the first certificate of death from it was issued in a London hospital. Prof. Louis Sambon, of the London School of Tropical Medicine, and Dr. Albert Chalmers were credited by the English press with having discovered the true nature of pellagra, their researches having extended throughout Italy and those parts of Great Britain where it was to be found. Capt. Joseph F. Sellar, Medical Corps, U. S. A., a member of the Thompson-MacFadden Commission, was with Professor Sambon during his earlier field work, and may have directed the attention of his colleagues at Spartanburg, S. C., to the new theory.

Wisconsin's new lecture course in football will have certain advantages over the traditional parts of the curriculum. Dealing with "live" subject-matter, it will free the instructor from the necessity of awakening interest by the devices to which the professor of mediæval history, for instance, is driven. It is true that the new course does not meet the highest requirement now demanded of a college study: it is not vocational, except for such of its members as may be ambitious to serve their day and generation as football coaches. Nor is it altogether free of the charge of being theoretical, since it is to deal with the history of the game, as well as with the methods of play. But no one is likely to damn it with the epithet of "cultural"; it will hardly commit the unpardonable sin of forcing students to enter the unfamiliar and forbidding precincts of a library; and, best of all, it



will give its members that consciousness of devotion to real issues that makes so tremendously for a serious attitude towards one's work. Is there not in the offering of this course a hint for all fossilized professors? Let them consider the effect upon the size and interest of their classes of the announcement that hereafter a large number of the lectures in the course in Greek history will be delivered on the athletic field, where the games and sports of the ancients will be illustrated by modern athletes in classic costume.

Canada's Christmas present to the mother country will be three Dreadnoughts, if the programme outlined by Premier Borden in Parliament last week is carried through without modification. The principle that Canada should co-operate with Great Britain for the naval defence of the Empire has been accepted by all parties in the Dominion. Sir Wilfrid Laurier was one of its most ardent advocates. But there are very important differences of opinion as to the proper size of Canada's contribution and the exact form it should take. The French-Canadian element, headed by Mr. Bourassa, is opposed to the idea of presenting battleships to Great Britain. It favors a home navy, and one consisting of small fighting units adapted for home defence. Premier Borden's policy differs radically from this position. Already there has been a break within the Government's ranks on the question, and Mr. Monk, who represented the Bourassa element in the Cabinet, resigned some time ago. Although it is Premier Borden's plan that the Canadian Dreadnoughts shall be built in England and retained in English waters as an integral part of the Imperial fleet, he asserts that Canada's contribution will enable the British navy to keep a more watchful eye on the over-sea dominions than it has done these last half-dozen years. The Dreadnought reinforcement will presumably spare for colonial service some of the older battleships or the lighter cruisers which are not counted in the first line of battle. But it is doubtful whether any fighting unit of value will be sacrificed by the home authorities under the established conception of naval strategy.

Little that is new was to be expected in the arguments of the formal British

protest, in the matter of the interpretation of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, filed with the Department of State on Monday. The case has before been thoroughly debated; and the English law officers of the Crown could only arrange and state the familiar points. This they do, however, with much force. Their spirit, too, is quiet. The tone is pitched low. There is no hectoring or ultimatum-hurling. Sir Edward Grey even goes so far as to say that it is with extreme reluctance that the English Government object to any part of the legislation of the United States about the use of the Panama Canal. Nothing but a belief that British rights are impaired could impel them to take the step. And far from insisting that the British view of the treaty is the only one tenable, and must be accepted on peril of a breach, Sir Edward states his "perfect readiness" to submit the question to arbitration. The whole presentation is dignified and courteous.

On the question of disorder in the House of Commons, the Speaker's ruling may be in accord with parliamentary precedents, but certainly leads to absurd practical consequences. Speaker Lowther held that if any individual member disturbed the proceedings by cries of "Adjourn," "Divide," and so on, he could be "named" for disorderly conduct, and, if he would not apologize and subside, could be suspended for the session. But if such outbreaks were joined in by large numbers, who persisted in keeping up the racket and refusing to let any one speak or business be done, then the affair became one of "grave disorder," which the Speaker has no way of meeting except by declaring the session ended. This seems an exact reversal of the law of conspiracy, by which what is innocent in an individual becomes a crime if done by numbers in agreement. It is obvious that, under this ruling, it would be theoretically in the power of an obstreperous minority in the House to prevent the transaction of any business at all. But there are two things against this. One is the good sense and decency of the members, when not under great excitement. The other is that the Speaker, if such disorder were frequently attempted, would "name" and pick off the disturbers of the peace one by one, thus vindicating the dignity of the House. But the case

reveals a singular weakness in an English or Continental presiding officer as compared with an American.

Whatever else may be said about the German Chancellor's order forbidding international marriages in the Kaiser's diplomatic corps, it is certain to be laid to the credit of the growing power of women in matters political. What else can have dictated it save fear of feminine international complications? For, from some points of view, it should seem as if the winning of, let us say, a Russian by a young German on duty in Russia would notably strengthen the hands of the attaché or Ambassador—we take it for granted that the wife duly transfers her national allegiance when she takes the marriage vow. From the purely social standpoint it has hitherto seemed an advantage to a foreign diplomat in England to have an English wife, with her knowledge of conventions and of the English language. But plainly some of these diplomatic Samsons must have been losing their locks to the detriment of the Chancellor's foreign policy. And then these international marriages may have become so frequent as to interfere with a promising home industry—the marrying of Germans by Germans. As for this country, we are proud to observe that our contemporaries attribute this order to the appreciation by Germans of our American women. So be it. No one in our presence shall be allowed to give any other reason for it. Is not the American woman admittedly the loveliest of her species?

As gratifying as surprising is the comparison now being made by French political writers between the methods of a Presidential campaign in their country and in the United States. There, they point out, complete ignorance exists, with apathy, as to the very identity of the candidates who will be voted on by the National Assembly in January. Here, how different! In this happy land, we are reminded, persons, ideas, aims, and candidates are exposed during a long period to the full fire of popular discussion and criticism, so that the final vote is absolutely representative of the people's wishes. Well, it cannot be denied that there was some fire, along with a due amount of heat and noise, particularly in the pre-Con-

vention campaign last spring. The amount of light might profitably have been greater than it actually was. But when we consider the epigrammatic statement that the French President neither reigns nor governs, while the American President does both, we can hardly wonder that there should be apathy and ignorance about French Presidential candidates. Our interest in our own election is not always keen. A "conspiracy of silence" among Presidential aspirants in this country, however, is wholly inconceivable.

#### THE PRESIDENTIAL MESSAGE.

President Taft remarked, in his message to Congress on Friday of last week, that a full discussion of Government business requires "more space than one message of reasonable length affords." To this every editor and every reader—if any readers are left—will say amen. Presidential messages have been growing intolerably long. Mr. Taft's remedy is to send in three or four short ones—a "short" one, in Presidential definition, being considerably more than a newspaper page. But there are other ways of avoiding the surplusage. It is not necessary for a President to appear to go upon the theory stated by the medieval writer quoted by Hallam: "This I say lest anything be left unsaid." There are whole sections of the ordinary Presidential message that could be severely cut down or left out altogether. The long rehashings of departmental reports—with leisurely phrases such as "I observe that the Secretary of War recommends," or "I note that the Secretary of the Navy urges"—could nearly all be omitted with no harm done. Still, if the whole must somehow be got through the Printing Office, we ought to be thankful to Mr. Taft for giving it to us in separate doses.

There are other reflections about such a message as he laid before Congress which he does not refer to, but which must occur to every one who gives any thought to Mr. Taft's situation. He is now obviously as one simply going through the motions. However sound the positions he takes or the arguments he uses, neither he nor anybody else expects Congress to pay the slightest heed. An outgoing President almost inevitably takes on the guise, in the last four months of his term, of a mere Pub-

lic Functionary. This was true even of the hard-hitting Roosevelt. No sooner was it certain in 1908 that he would not again be President, than Congress began deliberately to ignore him. He sent it messages by the score, but might as well have sent them to the Dead Letter Office. And in President Taft's latest message there is one passage which rather pathetically betrays his own sense of his helplessness at present. He refers to his previous recommendations that the tariff be reduced, but adds that "now that a new Congress has been elected on a platform of a tariff for revenue only . . . it is needless for me to occupy the time of this Congress." Could there well be a sharper reminder of the misfit entailed by our awkward plan of having Congress not meet regularly until more than a year after it is elected? If the argument for a change, whereby the Federal practice should be made like that of all the States, needed any reinforcement, it could be found in the hapless plight of President Taft.

He cannot escape the air of doing his duty perfunctorily. The routine recommendations of his message sound more than ever routine. He has some correct and just things to say about our currency laws and their need of reform, about the Sherman law, about the duty of giving the Porto Ricans American citizenship—to single out only a few topics—but there can be, in the nature of the case, little fire or drive in his recommendations. He knows perfectly that they will be no more heeded than the wind that blows over the dome of the Capitol. Take the promise of accomplishing something away from a man, or a President, and you take the heart out of him.

There is, however, one part of Mr. Taft's message in which he expresses himself with warmth of conviction. This is the section referring to the proposed pledge of speedy independence for the Philippines. We make no doubt that the President holds his views on that subject conscientiously and patriotically. Moreover, he is entitled to be heard on it, not only on account of his official position, but because of the fact that he was Governor of the Philippines and has shown deep interest in the welfare of their inhabitants. But here he gives us a counsel of despair. Great things have been done in the Philip-

pines, but all of them will be lost if American rule is withdrawn. Having been shown the better way for fourteen years—in sanitation, in road-building, in education—the Filipinos will instantly revert to a condition of barbarism if the "supervision" of the United States be broken off. President Taft admits that the Filipinos have done well in all the beginnings of self-government yet permitted them. In municipalities and in the national Assembly, as in the courts, they have shown themselves, he says, as men who "can be educated and trained to complete self-government." But this must be—"eventually." Even a promise to them now of independence eight years away would "arouse dissension and disorder." The news from Manila, with the testimony of the accredited representatives of the Philippines, is all the other way, but the President is very certain that no good could come from "a disguised policy of scuttle." It is of no use to talk to him about the United States guaranteeing the independence of the Philippines, for such a guarantee "we should be powerless to enforce." What, the world Power that we have become, as he elsewhere boasts, not able to compel other nations to keep hands off what we voluntarily relinquish!

President Taft's sincerity we do not question, but we do not believe that in this he speaks the mind of the American people. They will not forever be held back from doing an act of justice, and living up to the principles which have been bound to the very heart of the nation, by the cry of lions in the path. There is no call for hasty action—none, in fact, is contemplated. The proposal is to make the pledge and carefully watch over the steps leading up to its final execution. If disaster threatens we can retrace our steps; but if the way to the resumption of specie payments was to resume, the way towards self-government in the Philippines is to give the Filipinos a chance to show what they can do in governing themselves.

#### THE GOVERNORS' CONFERENCE.

The assembling of the fifth Conference of Governors at Richmond, Va., inevitably suggests that somehow this new piece of governmental mechanism has not fulfilled the high expectations that at the outset were entertained for it. We were going to have a House of



Governors, a Third House that would bridge the gap unfortunately left by the framers of the Constitution between the Federal Government and the States. With this new institution on the ground, the Twilight Zone would cease to be a safe resort for corporate malefactors of great wealth. What could not be done by Congress owing to Constitutional limitations, and what was not done by the isolated States because of inertia or worse, would be accomplished by the magic wand of uniform legislation. This was to be achieved by the same Yankee ingenuity which had made ducks and drakes of the elaborate system of the electoral colleges, taking from them the substance, while permitting them to retain the form, of power. And, indeed, the initial Conference had all the appearance of a body endowed with sufficient faith to move mountains. Meeting in the White House, almost under the shadow of the Capitol, discussing with earnestness and ability the burning question of conservation, the Governors themselves must have felt that they were upon the brink of destiny.

The second Conference kept some of the prestige of the first, but already there began to be more than whisperings that receptions and excursions were leaving the distinguished members in poor condition, physically and intellectually, for the ostensible purpose of their gathering. To-day the proud term House of Governors is hardly applied to the organization that was to rival the historic branches of the Government. Why this chasm between promise and performance? It must be conceded at once that there are inherent weaknesses in the project. Only twenty-seven Governors were present at the opening session, and not many more were in attendance at any time. We have, from Maine to California, no less than forty-eight Governors. Why should so many of them stay away from a Governors' Conference? Simply because dozens of men who at this moment are Governors will not be Governors a few weeks or months from now. Not indifference, but a natural and necessary turning of attention to that private sphere to which their fellow-citizens have relegated them, accounts for these numerous breaks in their ranks. This shifting character of the personnel of the Conference is bound, under the best conditions, to operate against its success.

But the chief causes for the disappointment are not essential to the scheme at all. What can be practically expected from a programme that sprawls over a series of topics, many of which do not concern the majority of the Governors assembled? The success of the first Conference was due as much to the limitation in this respect as to its choice of a topic that was uppermost in the public mind. But this year, for instance, the Governors listened to addresses on "Modern Penology," "A State Income Tax," "The Development of Inland Waterways," "Uniformity of Marriage and Divorce Laws," "What the State Can Do to Check the Drift of Population from Farms to Cities," and "Rural Credit." Instead of having their hearts burn within them as they went their several ways after the close of the Conference, what can they have had to take home but buzzing heads? It is true that the programme-makers this year recognized the advisability of selecting such subjects as are likely to come up in the various Legislatures this winter. They said as much. But what did they actually do? How many Legislatures will deal at their approaching sessions with the question of a State income tax? The number having to consider inland waterways is still less. It would have been much better to have chosen the one topic of uniform marriage and divorce legislation, and then to have arranged for speakers and discussion upon it that would have attracted the attention of the whole country, and sent the Governors back to their respective capitals with the draft of a bill that should hold first place in their legislative programmes.

Such a plan as this has made the annual meetings of private associations like the American Academy of Political and Social Science so notable and influential. Then the peripatetic nature of the Conference cannot be regarded as an aid to the best results. Would not its meetings at a fixed place, say, Washington, be more conducive to practical accomplishment? We would not be understood as saying that the Conference has achieved nothing, and still less would we imply that it has small promise for the future. The need of uniform legislation is greater rather than less than it was on the day when the Governors first came together. Nothing could have been much worse for the Confer-

ence than a gross overrating of its promise. But it might still be of real service to the States if it would concentrate its energies upon questions that are practical and of immediate urgency.

#### TURKISH DIFFICULTIES.

The disinterested sympathies of the modern world were undoubtedly with the Balkan nations in the war that is now coming to a close. We say disinterested sympathies, because, so far as the greater part of Europe is concerned, special reasons of politics exist to counteract the spontaneous sentiment of the masses. Thus the non-Slavic element in Austria-Hungary, the people of Italy, and probably a majority of the German people "sympathized" with Turkey for the plain reason that the triumph of the Balkan states was detrimental to specific Austrian, Italian, and German ambitions. But it is idle to suppose that, even in those countries, the hearts of many millions failed to be stirred in behalf of the Balkan people by many considerations: by their brave fight against odds; by the fact that they were continuing the ancient war of the Cross against the Crescent; by the fact that they were fighting for the rights of the native population against a foreign conqueror, and a conqueror whose history seems to be an unbroken chronicle of oppression, misrule, and massacre. This attitude of sympathy, unspoiled by personal motive, may naturally be best seen in this country. But it has found expression, too, in England, where the traditional Government policy of friendliness to the Turk has been forced to take cognizance of the strong popular current in the opposite direction.

To make out a case for the Turks is not, however, impossible, although it involves the two normally difficult operations of going a bit beneath the surface of things and indulging in a little plain speaking. Taking up the issues point by point, we might argue that the attack by the Balkan allies upon apparently overwhelming superior forces was not a desperate adventure, as we see now from fuller knowledge. They were attacking an empire on the decline, harassed by internal conflicts and by raids upon its territories conducted by European Powers. The sentiment of Cross against Crescent would have to face the troublesome fact that Christian

Powers have not hesitated to sacrifice Christian interests for the furtherance of their own purposes. It is a delicate judgment whether responsibility for the massacre and civil war that have ravaged Macedonia rests upon the Mussulman conscience or upon the conscience of the Christian nations that have deliberately permitted Macedonia to be turned into a shambles. The recent violent quarrels among the Balkan allies here enter into the question. As to the war being an uprising of the native population against a foreign conqueror, it is to be noted that, as history goes, the occupation of a territory for some five hundred years constitutes a pretty just claim to sovereignty. The Turks overran the Balkan peninsula more than two hundred years before the French conquered Lorraine, and more than three hundred years before the French acquired Alsace.

But putting aside all such special instances, there is one point of view from which it may be seriously questioned whether the present war, for all the beneficent results it may bring to the Balkan peoples, has not done great harm to a cause that is broader than the interests of the Balkan nationalities. The war has delayed and possibly destroyed forever the chance of ascertaining whether political progress and, specifically, constitutional government are really a monopoly of Christian Europe, or whether they are capable of being incorporated into the life of the Asiatic peoples as well. To those who do not regard it as an ideal state of things that one-quarter of the human race shall hold the other three-quarters in subjection, or that these three-quarters are estopped forever from the privileges and advantages of self-government, the breakdown of the Turkish experiment is a deplorable thing. China is now making the same experiment, but it is a question whether the Chinese people will get any fairer opportunity than that of the Turks.

The fact of Turkish defeat has been brought forward as proof that the Mohammedan is unfit for constitutional government. There are people who now say that under Abdul Hamid the Turks would have made a better showing than they have done after four years of constitutional government. That is arrant nonsense, so far as the broad aspects of the question are concerned. Granted

that the army reforms introduced by the Young Turks have weakened the military strength of the Empire, it has happened largely because the Turkish army was caught in a state of transition. It surely took more than four years to develop the fighting instrument with which the rulers of Prussia brought about the unification of Germany. The fact is that the reform party in Turkey has never had a fair show. From the first moment of their success the play of European intrigue began to hum faster than ever. Austria seized a couple of provinces. Bulgaria declared its independence. The Greeks became more active than ever in Crete. Then came the Italian swoop upon Tripoli. Decidedly, it was shown that if a non-Christian people took to heart the lessons of Christian civilization and set about putting its own house in order, Christian Europe would not allow the thing to be done. Persia can testify to that as well as Turkey.

It is possible to hope, of course, that the opportunity for trying out the experiment of constitutional government in Turkey has not absolutely disappeared. When a treaty has been made and the Turkish frontier in Europe has been brought close to Constantinople, something like a basis for lasting peace may turn out to have been attained. The Sultan will then be ruling over a Mohammedan and Ottoman population, and the element of religious and racial animosity will have been largely done away with. Stripped of her provinces, Turkey may be allowed to work out her problems, for the simple reason that she has no more desirable provinces to take, outside of Asia. But no one will now venture to predict that Europe's keen appetite for a neighbor's territory will let her stop short at the new frontier, or even refrain from crossing the Bosphorus into Asia.

#### THE STUDY OF MILITARY HISTORY.

An appeal for a national society to concern itself with military history, written by Prof. R. M. Johnston, of Harvard, and published in the *Infantry Journal*, is to be followed by a discussion of the question at the coming meeting of the American Historical Association. It is, of course, well known that there already exists a Massachusetts Military Historical Society,

of which the late John Codman Ropes was a leading spirit. State historical societies, particularly in the West, have likewise given much attention to military matters. It is felt, however, that nowhere has military history been lifted to the plane which it deserves, and that there now exists no national body which would make easy the coöperation of skilled civilian writers and technical military experts. Without such an association, Professor Johnston believes it will not be possible to produce in this country military history of the highly developed and technical kind now being worked out by the best writers in Germany and France.

With the desire to supply scientific history in any field it is impossible not to sympathize. In that of war the opportunity in this country is very great. As long as the nation lasts, the campaigns of the Civil War will, we presume, be fought again; and that the older struggles afford rich pickings for the historian is sufficiently illustrated by Charles Francis Adams's remarkable essay on the use of cavalry in the Revolution. Gen. James H. Wilson's just published memoirs, with their startling criticisms of Grant and Sheridan, are in themselves certain to provoke acrid discussion of the theories he so vigorously advances. Indeed, hardly a week goes by but some new contribution to the greatest of civil wars finds its way into print. Since the output is not likely to be diminished by the passing of the generation which did the fighting, it is evidently worth while to see if some direction can be given to the contributions of the future, or at least some standards raised by which the work may be judged.

For the proper discussion and analysis of military history, Professor Johnston holds that the successful writer must have technical knowledge of the military art, erudition, critical skill, and literary ability. That the trained military man almost invariably lacks the last quality is obvious to all who read the *Infantry Journal* and other service publications. Despite the memoirs of Grant, Sheridan, and Sherman, it can truthfully be said that West Point produces excellent soldiers, but poor writers; the lack of sufficient emphasis upon the English language and literature in an already crowded curriculum is regretted by many officers—particularly



by those who have attempted the mazes of the Civil War records and sought to reconcile or understand the reports therein. Not that West Point must be blamed for the whole mass of slovenly writing, for its graduates were but a small minority at that time. But any one who recalls the terse, vigorous, and often picturesque dispatches of Sheridan remembers their refreshing character in the midst of a desert of reports apparently written to conceal thought and often to hide what actually took place. The late Col. Archibald Gracie spent fifteen years trying to reconcile the reports of the battle of Chickamauga and to ascertain what really occurred there. His untimely death last week leaves the Confederate side of the story untold. A military historical society could well justify itself if it dwelt on the necessity of teaching future war commanders how to write.

Since it is devoutly to be hoped and expected that we are to have no more wars, other activities of the proposed society are probably more important. We cannot, however, concede that active military experience is absolutely essential, any more than we would assert that literary skill is necessary to make a great commander. Mr. Ropes was probably our foremost military critic; for physical reasons he could not go to war. So, too, some of the best commentators on the Civil War have been men who never bore arms. That the military man is too apt to view matters narrowly; that, like many professional men, he cannot see the forest for the trees, and that he too frequently starts off with a thesis he is determined to prove—these are all reasons that make against any soldier's being the ideal military historian, though Professor Johnston would bestow this title on Gen. Bonnal for his "Manœuvre de St. Privat." They are, moreover, grounds why the civilian coöperation which Professor Johnston suggests should make itself worth while.

We cannot, however, regard as wise his suggestion that there be a section of the General Staff to devote itself to producing military history, should no national society be possible. The General Staff is a fluctuating, not a stable, body; since officers can be detailed to it only for four years, and must then return to other duty, this would alone make against continuous scientific his-

torical production. Moreover, the General Staff does not to-day stand as well as when first organized; it has seemed bent only on getting more officers and more men, upon hastening this peaceful nation into militarism. Congress showed its displeasure last summer by cutting off nine of the General Staff's members. If our generals, like Messrs. Wood and Bliss, continue to talk as foolishly as they have been doing, there may be still other changes. At any rate, it is quite safe to say that, judging by articles in the *Infantry Journal* and the past record of the General Staff, if any history were produced in the War Department it would be of the machine-made kind—written to demonstrate, not the truths of history, but the necessity for the national military policy which might happen to be advocated by the temporary personnel of the War Department. History of that kind is worse than no history at all. Infinitely preferable is the bare, colorless chronicling of the events of 1870-71 which distinguishes the military memoirs of Field-Marshal Von Moltke.

#### COST OF GOING TO COLLEGE.

Tuition fees, room rent, and boarding rates have been rising in the college world on a scale almost parallel to the increase in the cost of living everywhere. In the *Boston Transcript* the other day, Henry T. Claus presented the results of a detailed investigation into conditions prevailing in thirty selected colleges to-day as compared with twenty years ago. In 1892, the average tuition fee was almost exactly one hundred dollars, ranging from \$13 at Purdue and \$36 at Allegheny to \$200 at Radcliffe and Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Out of thirty colleges, seventeen charged \$100 or more. In 1912 the average tuition fee is \$126, with Radcliffe unchanged and "Tech" gone up to \$250; only five colleges charge less than \$100—Purdue, Bates, Colgate, Bowdoin, and Hamilton. The increase in the cost of board during the same period has been 23 per cent. for thirty colleges (not altogether the same as those dealt with in the matter of tuition fees). Dartmouth and Williams are the hardest hit, with a straight advance of 50 per cent. But that the phenomenon of high prices is country-wide, is shown by an increase of 40 per cent.

at Stanford and Purdue and 35 per cent. at the University of Illinois.

On the other hand, taking this single question of cost of food, we find broad variations within what is virtually the same community. This brings up that mysterious factor which makes all discussion of the cost of living so difficult—that equation, personal or accidental, which does make it possible for so many people to wring subsistence and comfort out of a statistically impossible situation. For instance, no less than six colleges, in Mr. Claus's list, report no increase in the cost of boarding their students since 1892. These zero figures are dismissed, quite properly, as indicating that either board was excessively high in these colleges twenty years ago, or that the college dining-rooms to-day are doing business at a loss. But, avoiding extremes, why should the increase at Amherst be only 18 per cent., as against 50 per cent. at Dartmouth, or 10 per cent. at the University of Michigan and 35 per cent. at the University of Illinois? The obvious reply is that it depends largely upon the facilities developed by the college authorities for supplying food to the students at cost. Such machinery has been built up at Harvard in more complete form than in any college in the country, and Harvard accordingly shows almost exactly the average increase for all the colleges concerned—22 per cent., as against an average of 23 per cent. Those colleges that fall below Harvard's figure are to be congratulated on exceptional good fortune. Where the increase has been 50 per cent., they are apparently not facing the problem of high prices as energetically as they might be doing.

If we add to the items of tuition, board, and rent such other necessities as clothes and books, it will be plain that an estimated increase of 25 per cent. in the cost of keeping a young man at college to-day, compared with twenty years ago, is moderate. Take into consideration also "the cost of higher college living," the demand for satisfactions that were once luxuries, or even non-existent, and the rate of increase is still sharper. It would be interesting to know how large a pecuniary burden the social and athletic features of college life impose on the student. At the large universities, of course, the football team pays for pretty nearly everything;

but it must be different at the small colleges. What, too, is the effect of fraternity life on a man's expenditures? The fraternities are sometimes defended as institutions for enabling students to live in comfort on an economical basis, but there is little doubt that the comfort is more conspicuous than the economy. Presumably, those students go into the fraternities who can afford it, but the fraternity influence on the general standard of life and expenditure in a college community must be reckoned with.

The one counterbalancing factor to be taken into consideration is the increase in scholarships and other forms of student aid. Thus one student reports that he entered Amherst in 1893, paid \$110 for tuition and \$65 for room rent, and received scholarship aid to the amount of \$87.50. To-day, under exactly the same conditions, he would pay \$140 for tuition and \$55 for rent and receive as a grant in aid the sum of \$140, making his cash outlay \$55, as against \$87.50 twenty years ago. But even in this case the present advantage is almost eliminated by the increase in the cost of food, which is 18 per cent. higher than it was twenty years ago. The great increase in the amount of pecuniary assistance rendered to deserving students in the form of scholarships is not to be denied, but that such aid can reduce the cost everywhere and for every one as in the Amherst case we have cited seems incredible. Presumably, colleges do not resort to raising their tuition fees until they are absolutely forced to it. To give back in scholarships all that they gain in higher fees would be absurd. We are therefore justified in assuming that, whatever may be the case of the exceptionally gifted student, for the student body as a whole the increase of scholarship facilities cannot compensate for the direct increase in the cost of living.

This state of affairs carries a sober implication for the great mass of citizens of moderate income to whom the sending of a son to college has always been a sacrifice. To-day it is a question with them not only whether the high cost of living in the home makes it possible to send the boy to college, but to a college where the law of high prices operates as it does at home. A greater drain has to be met out of smaller resources.

#### THOROUGHNESS IN COLLEGE.

The Harvard Faculty of Arts and Sciences has taken a noteworthy step in requiring as essential to a bachelor's degree "a special final examination upon each student's field of concentration within the field of the division of history, government, and economics." Primarily, this is another blow at the old idea of a college as an attractive resort where the sons of the well-to-do may idle away four years, with the assistance of tutors, while residing in luxurious dormitories or equally luxurious clubs. Next, it is a clear departure from the elective system which was once a chief distinction of Harvard. Most important of all, it means an advance towards the thorough intellectual training of the collegian—towards the placing of American university training on a par with that received abroad. As such, it is a move in the same direction as the preceptorial system at Princeton, and the increasing development of the group form of studies in the establishment of which Johns Hopkins was the leader.

The change is particularly notable at Harvard, since there, if anywhere, the lack of direction of the student, and the haphazard nature of most studying under the elective system, were especially marked twenty years ago. If a man had no particular aptitude, or was interested in a number of subjects, his education at Harvard at that time was bound to be desultory and superficial. He would acquire a smattering of fine arts, of Greek and Latin, of German and French, of geology, history, economics, and government; but if he did not continue his studies after graduation, he went through life with but a small part of that scholarship which marks the graduate of Paris and Berlin or Oxford and Cambridge. The disappearance of the old rigorous courses in classics removed the chief source of the moral and mental discipline in the graduates of earlier years, even though their range might be limited. They had no smattering of a dozen or fifteen subjects, but what they knew they knew well, and, more than that, by mastering certain branches of knowledge they had laid the foundations for attacking and conquering others.

Precisely in this direction is Harvard now headed, if we may judge by the new regulation. Against the system of

daily, half-yearly, and yearly examinations we have heard many protests; they make cramming possible, they guarantee in no wise the thoroughness of a student's knowledge, and they place at a disadvantage the student who recites well but under pressure expresses himself badly. But before a group examination at the close of four years of study, such as is proposed, most of these protests fall. A similar examination has long been the stepping-stone to a degree of doctor of philosophy. If this one is properly worked out, the candidate for the A.B. who has specialized in the field of history, government, and economics must know that field. He cannot as a senior pass well in advanced American history when his knowledge of the origins and the early forms of our government comprises merely a hazy recollection of a course in colonial history to which he listened in his freshman year.

How rapidly this system can be extended to other coördinated branches of study remains to be seen; that the seed will fall on fertile fields at Harvard and in other colleges is highly probable. Since the idea is also to stimulate men to read for themselves, it should seem not improbable that Harvard might come ere long to a preceptorial system of some kind or other, so that in their search after a well-rounded and comprehensive knowledge students would have personal touch with an instructor and his coöperation. Certainly, the fostering of the student's own initiative, the giving him the desire to browse along collateral lines, is of the utmost importance. If the final examination does this, it will accomplish great things. But to us it seems as if no examination could achieve what is desired if there be no guides for the wayfarer, to show at least where the longed-for paths of knowledge begin and by what signs one may follow them through the forest of learning.

Then, if this pilgrimage be undertaken in the right spirit, the wayfarer will find new openings, new beauties, for himself; the more of them that lead him beyond the special search upon which he is embarked the better. The final test will prevent too random browsing; but that which reveals unexpected visions will make for that culture which is at best so hard to attain in all our in-



stitutions of learning. Indeed, it is another milestone in our search for thoroughness of training and breadth of scholarship which has thus been set, as opposed both to the superficiality of the present and to the pedantic acquirement of fact which has far too often passed both for broad knowledge and humane culture.

#### GERMAN BOOKS.

The output of the German book market at this season of the year is so enormous that even when little beyond a brief survey is attempted, the abundance and variety are more than bewildering. The enjoyable feature is that the quality of the books, from a mere technical standpoint, is not out of proportion to the quantity. Typography and binding are now considered far more seriously than a few decades ago. The influence of English models is evident in the choice of the materials that go into the making of a book, as also in the style of its decoration.

The Grimm centenary has called forth several new editions. Among them is one of the "Kinder- und Hausmärchen," in three volumes, with the little-known beautiful introduction by Hermann Grimm, and an after-word by Paul Ernst; also a two-volume edition of the "Deutsche Sagen" (Munich: Georg Müller). Of a more festive appearance is the Säkularausgabe of the "Kinder- und Hausmärchen," with four full-page illustrations in color and 181 in the text, by P. Grotjohann and R. Leinweber (Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlagsanstalt). To the young reader and him who seeks allegorical meanings in such tales, the "Märchen" by Hauff have lost none of their fascination. They, too, appear in a new edition (Georg Müller), with illustrations by Alfred Kubin. This artist-author will be remembered for his weird and striking story, "Die andere Seite," which appeared some years ago, with illustrations by himself. Another writer of tales who seems not yet to have been forgotten is Musäus, whose "Märchen" are presented by Bruno Cassirer, of Berlin, in a facsimile reproduction of the edition of 1780. A work which perhaps stands alone in the literature of folk-lore is "Der Brunnen im Volksleben" (Munich: R. Piper), by Dr. Barthold Rein. It is a book of well-lore, with 115 illustrations, treating the subject from all points of view.

Travel books are very numerous. The most valuable among them are those not limited to description of places and people, but offering a record of personal impressions, experiences, and reflections. Among such books are some contained in the series planned by S. Fischer, under the title, *Bücher der Arbeit und*

*der Abenteuer*. The initial volume, by Arthur Holitscher, "Amerika—heute und morgen," attractively illustrated by photographs, commends itself for its remarkable insight into phases of life that usually escape the foreign visitor. From that auspicious beginning one can safely expect the succeeding books to be equally valuable and enjoyable. The account of a trip around the world by the southern route, "Fünf Meere und fünf Welten," by Norbert Jacques, is likely to bring into relief that author's keen powers of observation and his admirably suggestive style. The third book in the series which belongs to the literature of travel is Emil Ludwig's "Afri-

cana." The example of the Kultur monographs on the world's interesting cities (New York, Munich, Nuremberg, Venice, Dresden, etc.), which were formerly published by Marquardt, now by Martin Brandus, of Berlin, has been productive of a more ambitious undertaking: *Die schöne deutsche Stadt* (R. Piper). This series of handsome volumes is a mine of information to the tourist who desires more than a mere cursory impression of the country traversed. The first volume is devoted to central Germany and contains 160 illustrations; the second deals with southern Germany and contains 288 illustrations. Both books direct the attention of the reader rather to less known places well worth visiting than to those already included in the ordinary itinerary. Besides these works, there is a special volume devoted to a city dear to every lover of Germany's quaint and picturesque past; "Rothenburg," by Toni Boegner. It contains 175 illustrations, many of them reproduced from old prints and woodcuts, and as a souvenir of a visit to this unique relic of by-gone times is of inestimable value.

The traveller in Switzerland who is given to climbing will delight in Alfred Steinitzer's "Der Alpinismus in Bildern" (R. Piper). Among the 700 illustrations in this book are reproductions of Doré's "Ascension du Mont Cervin, 14 Juillet, 1865," commemorating one of the many tragedies of the heights. There is also a curious woodcut from an old magazine, representing the first woman who climbed Mont Blanc, standing on the back of a man and supported by three others, with the words underneath: "Plus haut que le Mont Blanc."

The nature student and the general reader will welcome a second edition of Dr. Konrad Guenther's pictorial atlas of the descent of man, entitled "Vom Urtier zum Menschen" (Deutsche Verlagsanstalt). It is this work of which Ernst Haeckel wrote: "I am sincerely glad that this important undertaking which I myself had in mind for some years, is carried out in such a practical and attractive form. This instructive work in a popular manner supplements

my Anthropogeny, and in the interest of the subject I wish it great success." The work is published in two volumes with ninety-three illustrations, some of them in color, and is also sold by subscription.

Of historical and biographical works there is a great number. Many readers who at some time have been under the spell of Johannes Scherr's vigorous thought, mordant satire, and forcible style will be glad to learn that there is a new edition of his collected works (Leipzig: Hesse & Becker). Besides that the same firm has reissued his "Geschichte der Religion," his "1848—ein weltgeschichtliches Drama," "1870-1—Vier Bücher deutscher Geschichte," and "Schiller und seine Zeit." The last work forms an especially attractive volume, containing one steel engraving, thirteen portraits, and twenty historical plates.

Books on art seem to outnumber other illustrated works. Julius Meyer-Gräfe has edited and translated the writings of Eugène Delacroix, "Literarische Werke" (Leipzig: Insel-Verlag). The book contains essays on beauty, the ideal, realism, metaphysics, art criticism, Rafael, Michelangelo, Prudhon, Gros, Poussin, Charlet, Puget, etc. For illustration it has twelve drawings by Delacroix. The same author has written on Hogarth, the Impressionists, the great English masters, Van Gogh, Marées, and Cézanne (R. Piper). Karl Scheffler, one of Germany's most gifted art critics, is the author of a volume on the art of Max Liebermann (R. Piper).

The *Klassiker der Kunst* (Deutsche Verlagsanstalt), a collection of monographs, has reached its twenty-first volume with a book on "Watteau," containing 182 illustrations, and its twenty-second with a volume devoted to Murillo, which has 250 illustrations. The student and the unprofessional visitor of art galleries will find Karl Voll's "Vergleichende Gemäldestudien" (Munich: Georg Müller) most valuable. The two volumes of the richly illustrated work contain a mine of indispensable information, and abound in critical suggestions.

Among the new editions of the world's greatest books are some very extraordinary enterprises. There is the Bible, revised from Luther's text, with an introduction by Hermann Hesse (Georg Müller). But all *éditions de luxe* of the Scriptures are surpassed by "Die zwei- und vierzigzeilige Bibel von Johannes Gutenberg" (Insel-Verlag). It is no less than a facsimile reprint in colors of the Bible of Mayence, 1450-1453, edited by Paul Schwenke. It is in three volumes, of which the second is to appear in the autumn of 1913. The paper edition is sold at 700 marks, the leather-bound at 850. Three hundred copies are printed on hand-made paper, among them ten inlaid in gold at 2,600 marks, and three

copies on parchment, illuminated by hand, at 6,000 marks. The work is sold by subscription, but no subscription will be taken after January 1.

There is a Jubiläumsausgabe of the "Decameron" with reproductions of 104 woodcuts from the Venice edition of 1492 (Georg Müller). The translator is Albert Wesselski. There are 825 copies printed on hand-made paper, and there are a number bound in vellum by Köllner of Leipzig.

The same publisher is bringing out the complete works of Edgar Allan Poe in a translation by Theodor and Gisela Etzel. For the illustrations the publisher could not have found an artist more qualified for the task than Alfred Kubin, whose weird imaginings stamp him as the poet's spiritual brother. Gollub's "Renaissance" has been newly translated by Bernhard Jolles and is presented in an elegant edition with twenty-three illustrations (Insel-Verlag).

Of new editions of the German classics there are very many. Foremost among them for typography, binding, and moderate price are those of the Tempel-Verlag of Leipzig, containing complete editions of Goethe, Schiller, Kleist, and Heine. A. VON ENDE.

#### NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Sir Walter Scott suffered at the hands of fraudulent imitators. A well-known instance is the story "Walladmor," which was written by Haering to furnish the German market with a novel by the great romancer, who had omitted to supply one for that year's book-fair; but there was a pseudo-Scott nearer home.

A certain William Fearman, of whom nothing appears to be known, announced "a fourth series" of "Tales of my Landlord." Therefore, John Ballantyne addressed to the London papers a letter in these terms:

Sir, I have observed in the *Chronicle* lately, the Advertisement of a Fourth Series, *Tales of my Landlord*, by Jedediah Cleisbotham, &c. &c. to be published the 1st of November.

That the public may not be taken in, to suppose this work a production of the Author of *Tales of my Landlord* in three series: the first containing the Black Dwarf and the Old Mortality; the second, the Heart of Midlothian; and the third, the Bride of Lammermuir, and the Legend of Montrose; I who have transacted betwixt the Publishers and the Author of these works, as his Agent, do, on my certain knowledge, assure you and the Public, that this Author has no concern whatever with the catchpenny Publication announced as above; and although I have not his express authority for saying so, I am morally assured, he will at no period send any further work to the public under the title of *Tales of My Landlord*.

The copy-right of the *Tales of My Landlord*, in twelve volumes, has been purchased by, and is now the property of Messrs. Constable & Co.; who are taking legal measures to interdict the publication of this Spurious Work, under their title, and to punish those concerned in it, when they shall be discovered.

I am Sir,

Your obedient servant,

JOHN BALLANTYNE.

Bookseller for Scotland  
to his R. H. the Prince Regent.

Fearman, not in the spirit of his name but with almost matchless impudence, replied smartly:

Sir: That you are the Purchaser and Publisher of the First, Second, and Third Series of the *Tales of My Landlord* nobody questions. I also am the Purchaser and Publisher of the Fourth Series. If by the Author you mean Jedediah Cleisbotham, I think (to say the least of it) you presume too much, when without having read a line of the Fourth Series you pronounce it spurious. The Fourth Series collected and arranged by Jedediah Cleisbotham, is no more spurious than the First, the Second, or the Third. It is for the Public to judge of that when they see the Work, and certainly not for you who have never seen it.

That Jedediah will prosecute Jedediah, because Jedediah's stores have happily furnished a Fourth Series, is as little to be believed as feared.

I have the honor to be,

Sir, your humble servant,

WILLIAM FEARMAN.

170 New Bond-street.

Fearman also circulated "A Letter in reply to the ridiculous threats of Mr. John Ballantyne, bookseller for Scotland, against the Publisher of the forthcoming series of 'Tales of My Landlord,' containing 'Pontefract Castle.'" In this, trading on the secrecy which had enshrouded the Waverley series, he says:

There is one straight-forward and manly way of settling the question. Let the Author come forward and claim his own, not as Jedediah Cleisbotham, not as "the dream of a dream, and shadow of a shade"; not under the wing of Mr. John Ballantyne, Bookseller for Scotland, who can only offer the brass of his assertions in lieu of current coin. I shall then be enabled to decide whether the MS. I hold is or is not by the same person; certainly I cannot, till then, take upon me to pronounce.

Again he says:

I, as publisher, disclaim all ideas of acting in the least degree dishonourably by the Author, whoever he may be. I have no means of judging what is his, or what is not his composition. Were I sure that my MS. were not his, and the publication contrary to his wish, I would drop the title, and trust, as I well might, to the intrinsic merit of the Work.

Southey had seen the announcement of the fictitious series, and, with some of Scott's other friends, was somewhat concerned over it. Ballantyne and Constable both thought the time had come for the "author of Waverley" to reveal himself, but Scott refused. "The author who lends himself to such a trick must be a block-head," he declared; "let them publish and that will serve our purpose better than anything we ourselves could do."

The book trade would doubtless know that Fearman's novelist was an impostor, but the guileless public must have been puzzled when they saw the title-page of "Tales of My Landlord, New Series, containing Pontefract Castle," published in 1820, and "Tales of My Landlord, New Series, containing the Fairy of Glas Lyn," published in 1821, each in the orthodox three volumes, and each containing a preface by the enterprising publisher. He was full of admiration for the anonymous author:

Such a mind as that is not to be hermetically sealed, like a spirit, in the North. I have in fact no doubt that Pontefract Castle will create an era in the annals of Romance.

Scott was a better prophet than the piratical publisher. "Pontefract Castle" is not without cleverness; the unknown writer catches in a superficial way some of Scott's

style, but he has not the scholarship, and still less has he the genius, of the Wizard of the North. There is much about Rosicrucianism in the story, and the writer regards John Toland and Charles I as contemporaries. The Roundheads are painted as greedy, sanctimonious, sensual hypocrites, while the King's men are the pink of perfection. The Puritan preacher Purefoy speaks of reading the "Pilgrim's Progress" some half-century before it was written. Cromwell is depicted in the most unlovely colors, and appears in the novel character of a captive in the hands of the Cavaliers. Hopkins, the witch-finder, is another figure, and the gallant Cavalier rescues a poor old witch from him. Perhaps as a sample of the style of the pseudo-Scott we may quote part of the evidence of Ebenezer, the portly and rubicund cook, against a supposed witch. Hopkins asks if he saw her riding on a broomstick:

"Na, mun, modder, she's too deep to be seen at her tricks. I did na see her, but I felt her: for I itched, and roobed, and scroobed the houl night, for all the worle as if I lay upon a cowitch; and there was sooch a wowing and catter-wowing wi' that domd black cat that used to follow her. I'm moral sartain, the Laccademon snuffed me out."

"The Cacademon you mean. Well and so, this cat follows her? Have you seen it lately?"

"Na, na—the baist's up to someat, Ise tell thee. Never since Miles White watched her out of the black posten. Miaw, said the limb of Satan—and snuffs, and snuffs, as if he wanted a tidbit of flesh.—Oh, it's you, Beelzebub! says he, is it? By the poors, Ise mark ye. So, out he whips his loong soord, and slices off one o' t' baist's paws, as nice as ninepence.—All's right, thought he; I shall know ye now, mun, by head mark. Wull, would ye credit it? he meets the baist ond' next day, like, with all his paws as wool as mine, and it miowis him in the face, as who should sa'—it's varry pratty, like, but it won't do. Wull, this gassed on—and in a day or two, would ye credit it? there comes this old hag—this good woman, I mean, and brings ye another woman to th' Spittle, wi' never a hond. So then, the murder was out."

In this tale—told in what ought to be a Yorkshire dialect, but is mere misspelling—the folk-lorist will recognize a legend that is to be found in the popular mythology of various nations.

The bogus "Tales" did not reach a second edition, while the real ones have been reprinted hundreds of times, and still retain their pristine charm for the lovers of romance. WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

## Correspondence

### THE COPYRIGHT LAW.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It may interest those of your readers who are authors to learn that provided they fulfil all the demands of the present American Copyright law and wholly manufacture their books in the United States in order to protect their copyright in their native land, they are thereby debarred from importing a single copy of their work from Great Britain, where it has been simultaneously made and published by a British firm.

Under a ruling by the United States Treasury I have recently been prohibited from receiving the usual *gratis* copies which are presented to the author by his British



publisher. The American author is thus debarred from seeing the form in which his work has been issued by his British publisher. The reason given for this decision is that, according to the manifest meaning of the law, such prohibition shall be made against any copy, or copies, of any work that has been copyrighted in this country.

This seems to me to be both unjust to the American author, and at the same time an illustration of a form of protection which is certainly not in the interest of the author, and which is doing no conceivable good to the printers, typesetters, and publishers, in whose interest the author's rights are presumably sacrificed.

I should like to know what is to be said for such a prohibition as this by leading publishers, like Mr. George P. Brett or Mr. Charles Scribner, who are, of course, interested in the welfare of their authors in British markets. One would suppose that the payment of a duty would enable the author to bring in his *gratis* copies; but even this privilege is denied him. In order to bring through the customs a book written by himself he must have wholly manufactured it in Great Britain, to the damage of the American printer, typesetter, and publisher, and he must have sacrificed his rights as a native born citizen in his own country.

Of course, it is easy enough to break the law and get a sight of one's own book in its British dress by bringing it in in a variety of surreptitious ways. But some of us prefer to obey the law if we can.

In the case in point I acted as the author's agent, but the law in the case applies to either of us.

WM. S. BOOTH.

Boston, Mass., December 5.

#### SCANDINAVIAN STUDIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Some confusion exists in the press regarding the relations between two international organizations, the American-Scandinavian Society and the American-Scandinavian Foundation. The two institutions are acting in close sympathy and exist for virtually the same end, to promote closer intellectual relations between Americans and the peoples of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden.

The Society, like the Japan Society and similar bodies, consists, as the name implies, of members, several hundreds—potentially thousands—on both sides of the Atlantic. It was established in 1908 with Nicholas Murray Butler president and Carl Lorentzen secretary. Through the efforts of the Society, Scandinavian students came to America, and President Butler, Chancellor MacCracken, and Prof. Samuel T. Dutton lectured in the Universities of the North, while several Scandinavian professors lectured in America, among them Prof. Otto Jespersen, of Copenhagen. President Butler was succeeded by Niels Poulsen, of Brooklyn. This year the president of the Society is John D. Gade, of New York, under whose leadership the Society is bringing to America an exhibit of 150 paintings from Sweden, Denmark, and Norway, to be shown first in New York on December 10 and thereafter in Buffalo, Toledo, Chicago, and Boston.

The Foundation is an independent institution which grew out of a bequest of the

late Niels Poulsen, second president of the Society, who made the Foundation residuary legatee of his estate, a total endowment of more than \$500,000. It is a corporation consisting of a self-perpetuating Board of Trustees, empowered to receive and administer funds. The president of this board is Rev. Frederick Lynch, of New York, and the board includes professors of Columbia, Yale, Harvard, and Massachusetts Institute of Technology, as well as prominent professional men and merchants with Scandinavian interests in various parts of the country. This year, the chief undertaking of the Foundation is the giving of financial support to the Scandinavian Art Exhibit. In addition it has granted five scholarships to graduate students of Christiania, Copenhagen, and Gothenburg studying in the United States, and to graduate students of the Universities of Iowa and Chicago studying the Norwegian language at the University of Christiania. The Foundation has also established a bi-monthly magazine shortly to appear, to be called the *American-Scandinavian Review*.

These are but beginnings; greater dreams are entertained by the officers of the Foundation and the Society, including libraries and institutes. They face also greater problems, problems scarcely formulated.

The great problem, after all, is the conservation of Northern culture among the Scandinavian element in the American people. While this problem applies to all nationalities, it is most urgent in the case of the blue-eyed race who combine the high physical desirability of vikings with an illiteracy of lower percentage than that of our own English cousins. The civilization of these Northern peoples is the product of centuries of household education in weaving, carving, and painting, in song and stringed instruments, and story telling, and much book learning in many tongues.

Too often the Scandinavian who comes to America leaves all this heritage behind him. He is faced with new conditions which respect only one of his racial assets, namely, thrift. How can the American-Scandinavian Society through its members, or the Foundation through its funds, act to impress upon the public mind the value of Northern traditions, and aid our Scandinavian citizens to conserve their inheritance and contribute it to their new national estate?

H. G. LEACH.

New York, December 6.

#### A UNIVERSAL ALPHABET.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is reported that the United States Bureau of Education is preparing to make an inquiry among linguists and educators in this country as to the desirability and practicability of an international agreement on a universal alphabet to be used first in dictionaries and similar manuals, as a uniform system of indicating pronunciation. At some subsequent time, the proposed alphabet might come into general use among the nations, and might prove to be one more strand in the cable of international comity and peace. All will probably admit the desirability of such an alphabet, and those will believe in its practicability who are familiar with the rapid extension already attained by the alphabet

at present promulgated by the International Phonetic Association.

RAYMOND WEEKS.

Columbia University, December 7.

## Literature

### NEW GIFT BOOKS.

René Bull's pictures for the "Arabian Nights"—there are twenty plates in color and countless sketches in black and white—are not of the latter-day Orient of Max Reinhardt, with its simple lines and restrained colors, but the gorgeous, flamboyant, gilded, and lapis lazuli East of our childhood. Bagdad is a city of crowded blue domes and globe-tipped minarets, the Caliphs are most abundantly bearded, and the genii are overwhelming in their length of claw and forked tongue, but with a relieving sense of make believe that properly results in terrifying the young mind without frightening it. (Dodd, Mead; \$3.50 net.)

W. Daeres Adams, in "A Book of Beggars," presents a gallery of London types drawn with a vivid sense of actuality, and just a hint of humor. His beggars are not all of the lowly; among them is the Lord Mayor of London, in scarlet and gold, "appealing" in behalf of some worthy cause; the bishop in lawn sleeves, entreating; and the winsome sister of charity, knocking at the door. For character with a tragic note in it, the newsboy may be mentioned. For character with a laugh in it there is the politician, a little masterpiece of its kind. (Lippincott; \$1.25 net.)

Those looking for a volume of smart society pictures arranged with explanations so as to form a story, will be satisfied with "The Adventures of Kitty Cobb," by James Montgomery Flagg. (Doran; \$2 net.)

Mrs. Andrew Lang continues the Christmas books of her late husband with "The Book of Saints and Heroes" (Longmans; \$1.60 net). Again Andrew Lang's favorite illustrator in this kind, H. J. Ford, provides charming pictures in color and black-and-white. The saints are mostly of early date, Jerome, Brendan, Elizabeth of Hungary, Francis, Columba, Augustine. Mrs. Lang recites their legends with simplicity and feeling, and the collection will be welcomed by children and grown-ups who have been properly bred on the multi-colored fairy books.

The revival of dancing as an art receives the attention of Caroline and Charles H. Caffin in a genuine tome of comment and illustration, "Dancing and Dancers of To-day" (Dodd, Mead; \$4 net). As might be suspected, Pavlova and Mordkin are the figures around whom the book is built. All their various attitudes are shown to have special meanings, and dancing as practiced by them is seen to share the subtlety of music itself. Interesting information is furnished relative to the training of the Russian ballet school. The story is told that Mordkin attended a vaudeville show in this country at which the new Russian dancing was burlesqued. "The comedian made a few eccentric steps, then explained to his audience that those steps signified that he was a girl whose lover was sick in Pittsburgh, and he was going by train to see him and would have to change from

the local to the express." So difficult was it for Americans to get used to the idea of a man dancing seriously as an artist. Description, together with photographs, will be found of virtually all the dancers of note whom New York has seen these dozen years.

Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford" is out in holiday dress with a binding of navy-blue, relieved by a design of red and gold. The half-dozen colored plates from the hand of H. M. Brock, R. L., are quaint and pretty. (Lippincott; \$1.50 net.)

Alfred Sutro has translated, and Edward J. Detmold has illustrated, Maeterlinck's "The Life of the Bee" (Dodd, Mead; \$4 net). The illustrations are mounted on inserts, and represent various activities of life both within and without the hive. Especially striking are the drawings of The Queen, Founding the City, The Duel of the Queens, and The Combs. More delicate in coloring are some of the sketches of flowers. The whole makes a large and handsome volume, clearly printed, and not too heavy to hold.

To his previous exquisite work Edmund Dulac has added a set of illustrations for Poe's "The Bells and Other Poems" (Doran, \$5 net). In conception, as in execution, these drawings are satisfying. They have caught the wild vagueness of "Ulalume," the gruesome tragedy of "The Conqueror Worm," the terror of the "evil things, in robes of sorrow," in "The Haunted Palace," and the gladness and the fiendishness of "The Bells." Their richness of coloring was to be expected from the former achievements of this artist. Naturally, bright hues are rare in this latest collection, but the sombreness along with the depth of color is in keeping with the themes of the poems.

Hugh Thomson has made a notable series of illustrations for Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer" (Doran; \$5 net). At the beginning of each act is a pen-and-ink drawing representative of the situation as it is disclosed by the raising of the curtain at that point, and there are other pen-and-ink drawings within the scenes. The bulk of the illustrations, however, are in color. These are particularly interesting for the facial expressions which they depict, ranging all the way from mild surprise to shrewish anger.

From Henry Frowde come half a dozen thumb-nail volumes of selections, bound in wallpaper pinks and greens. Browning is here with the "Pied Piper," "Ghent to Aix," "Theocritus," "The Grammarian," and "The Statue and the Bust." Dante Gabriel and Christina Rossetti have a volume apiece. The others are Robert Herrick, Ruskin, on the "Mystery of Life," and Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Emerson's lecture essay on "Success" has been issued in a Riverside Press edition by Houghton Mifflin. It contains a brief introduction by Ferris Greenslet. The edition, notable for the quality of the paper and the character of the printing, is limited to 550 numbered copies, of which 500 are to be sold at \$2 each, net; the plates to be destroyed.

From Portland, Me., Mr. Mosher sends out his usual group of alluring reprints. Among these, two slender volumes of pocket size contain Stevenson's "Flight of the Princess" and Vernon Lee's "In Praise of

Old Gardens." Of somewhat larger size are Fiona Macleod's "Silence of Amor" and Pater's "Renaissance." Mr. Mosher has also made an anthology of prose and verse to which he has given the title "Amphora" (reminiscent of Leigh Hunt's "Jar of Honey"), and subscribed himself as "the Editor of the Bibelot." The subscription is happy, as the flavor of the collection might be described as the quintessential charm of the Bibelot books. Two other new and copyright volumes are "Lyrical Poems," by Lucy Lyttelton, and "Roses of Pastum," by Edward McCurdy. The handsomest of Mr. Mosher's books this year is a quarto volume entitled "Memories of President Lincoln," which contains a handsome reprint of four of Walt Whitman's poems on the death of Lincoln. An excellent photographic portrait of the President is prefixed, and the "Gettysburg Address" is placed on one of the front pages as a kind of motto.

Marion Harland's two volumes, "Some Colonial Homesteads" and "More Colonial Homesteads," have been reissued by Putnam within a single cover and entitled "Colonial Homesteads and Their Stories" (\$3.50). Both text and illustrations render the publication in its present form a suitable gift book.

#### DISRAELI.

*The Life of Benjamin Disraeli.* By William Flavelle Monypenny. Vol. II, 1837-1846. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$3 net.

The delay in the appearance of this volume—it is two years since Vol. I was published—is said in the preface to be due to "reasons of death." Unfortunately, the author's death soon followed, so that a new mischance has befallen what seems to be the ill-starred official biography of Disraeli. Lord Rowton, private secretary and biographer designate, died without doing anything more than amass materials; and now Mr. Monypenny has passed away, leaving the work less than half done. Regret at this will be the deeper for the proof of his quality that he had given. Besides sufficient literary skill, he had the good judgment and complete honesty which made him just the biographer one would desire to have the handling of the Disraeli papers. While the present volume is not steadily maintained at the high level reached by the first, it carries on the narrative in a way to sustain its interest, and witnesses throughout to Mr. Monypenny's industry and literary integrity.

Vol. I ended leaving Disraeli on the threshold of Parliament, and in these pages we see him proceeding to the slow conquest of the House of Commons. The familiar story of his "maiden speech"—the future great orator making a mess of his first attempt, and sitting down in mortification with "the time will come when you will hear me"—is set straight. Disraeli had no lack of *aplomb*. He would have made a good speech if the House had let him. But

his dandified manners, his reputation as an adventurer, and the literary taint upon him had created a violent prejudice against him among the members, and they howled him down. "The scamps of Radicals," wrote Lord Lyndhurst to Disraeli, "were determined that you should not speak. I am sure you have the courage to have at them again." He had; and it was not long before his jaunty wit, his irreverent epigram, and his stinging sarcasm won him both a ready hearing and a heightening admiration. By a year from his "failure," Disraeli was writing to his sister of a successful speech in the House. "All the squires came up to shake hands with me. They were so grateful, and well they might be, for certainly they had nothing to say for themselves." So soon are we put on the track of one great reason for Disraeli's rise to the leadership of the Tory party. He could speak for inarticulate followers.

In this volume Mr. Monypenny had to grapple with two problems closely affecting the estimate of Disraeli's character. One has to do with his marriage. The other concerns his rather abject application to Peel for office, with his subsequent audacious denial that he had ever made it. Disraeli's marriage to Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, the widow of his former colleague from Maidstone, a lady considerably older than himself—but with a fortune of \$20,000 a year, while he was almost hopelessly in debt—has often been characterized as purely mercenary. It was only partly so. "Dizzy married me for my money," his wife used to say jestingly; "but if he had to do it again he would do it for love." There was a shade of truth in both assertions. Disraeli was not wholly blind to pecuniary considerations in the match. After his suit was accepted there was a quarrel. The letters that passed are given. Mrs. Lewis reproached him for thinking only of her house and social station and fortune. He retorted that this was not true, and that if he had really been a fortune-hunter, he should have flown at much higher game. A reconciliation soon came, and a life of almost ideal married happiness followed. She was just the wife for him—as he testified again and again—and no husband could have been more devoted and lover-like than he. All things considered, we must agree with Mr. Monypenny that "the judgment of the world" respecting Disraeli's marriage is "in need of revision." The material for it is here supplied in letters and other evidence.

When Sir Robert Peel formed his Ministry in 1841, Disraeli wrote him a letter begging for "recognition"—that is, for office. Mrs. Disraeli wrote to the Prime Minister at the same time, without her husband's knowledge, she stated. Peel could find no place for him. There is a story that he would have



given him something had not Stanley threatened to leave the Cabinet if "that scoundrel" were taken in. Be this as it may, Peel refused Disraeli. On this ground, or for more public reasons, Disraeli began his famous series of attacks upon Peel. When the latter was most virulently assailed by the gibes and flouts of the other in 1846, he remarked that Disraeli's opinion of him could not have been so low in 1841, when Disraeli applied for office. Disraeli flatly asserted that he had never done so. But there was his explicit letter! It was afterwards found among the Peel papers, and was first published fifty years later. What have the apologists of Disraeli to say? There have been many weak attempts to explain away the sheer contradiction. Wilfrid Meynell, in his *Life of Disraeli*, intimates that Peel's charge came so suddenly that Disraeli "showed an ambling unpreparedness." Other shifts have been tried. But none of them would do for so honest a biographer as Mr. Monypenny. He examines all the evidence, and then records the verdict: "Having asked Peel for office in 1841, Disraeli in 1846, not to press the other occasion [there was another], publicly denied that he had done so; and he must pay the full penalty."

The old puzzle why Peel did not produce the letter and crush Disraeli on the spot, is not discussed in this volume. Perhaps it cannot be solved now. One knows the story of Peel being found late the night of the encounter looking for the letter and not being able to find it. But the Duke of Newcastle personally told Goldwin Smith that, "calling at Peel's house on his way to the House of Commons, he had been shown by Peel, who took it from his bag, a letter from Disraeli asking place." Thus there was at least a basis for the theory of Peel's "magnanimity," or scruple about giving out a personal letter. Its publication by Mr. Parker in his *Life of Peel* was resented by Augustine Birrell on the ground that it prevented Peel's magnanimity from being "complete and eternal." "Disraeli never pretended to be a man of nicety," adds Mr. Birrell. "He ate his peck of dirt." Peel may have thought to despise his railing, as Pericles scorned to notice the low fellows who insulted him. Another source of inward satisfaction is hinted at by Lord Rosebery when he writes that Peel had "the solace which might be derived, under the philippics of an alienated supporter, from the possession of the orator's application for office."

But Disraeli himself recorded in 1836 an instance of Peel's staying his hand when he might have smitten an opponent to the ground. It was Hume of whom Peel said, according to Disraeli, "I might have risen and crushed him, the impudent dog." Disraeli wondered: "Why did he not?" Why did not Peel rise and crush Disraeli, ten years later?

It is a question touching the psychology of public men that Mr. Monypenny did not seek to answer.

The ten years of English political history covered by the volume were stirring. It was the period when the agitation against the Corn Laws reached its climax in success. Public debate was keen and party spirit ran high. It was a time when such an audacious genius as Disraeli might easily make a name for himself. He has somewhere recorded the saying that a public man who is also a man of letters has a two-edged weapon. This volume shows him wielding his. He spoke and he wrote. His speeches in the House and on the hustings won him a fame that was extended and rendered more piquant by "Coningsby" and "Sybil." These political novels are analyzed and cited by Mr. Monypenny at disproportionate and needless length. This is one of the *longueurs* in the volume. Disraeli did, indeed, put his political ideas, as well as his portraits from life and his satirical flings, into these writings; but they were the same ideas which he embodied in many a speech. They depended in part upon a reading of English history in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries which Mr. Monypenny admits to have been forced or fanciful. But he himself gets into historical difficulties when he seeks to make it out that Disraeli's attitude towards the Corn Laws and towards protection in general was somehow prescient of the modern protectionist revival in England. He implies blame in Disraeli for taking a wrong view of Charles I in order to explain "Young England." But he himself perversely reads present conditions back into the state of mind of protectionists sixty years ago. We cannot go into this, but Mr. Monypenny's effort to re-write economic history from the standpoint of the latter-day British "tariff reformer" is tedious and wholly inconclusive.

The chief interest lies in the unfolding of Disraeli's talent for public life. At forty he does not perhaps make so vivid an impression of sheer genius as at twenty-five, but the proof of his enormous cleverness multiplies. He never lost consciousness of it. In these years of heightening recognition he was as vain as a boy of every mark of approval or scrap of flattery given him. He was continually writing them down for his wife or sister. At the close of one self-satisfied letter he wrote, "Burn this egotistical trash"; but if it had been burned, twenty others as stuffed with vanity would have remained. It is hard to recall any other man of first-class ability who so steadily wrote of himself with such extreme complacency. "I made an admirable speech," "They tell me that nothing finer was ever heard in the House"—such is the recurring note. But Disraeli's vanity was buoyed up by great courage, perfect coolness

under fire, and an audacity that never failed him. His crest contained the motto, *Forti nihil difficile*; which his enemies early translated, "The impudence of some men sticks at nothing." Disraeli's did not. From his first years in Parliament he acted upon the theory, which he thought he had worked out in the case of Croker, that "men of a certain age like the young ones who lick them." He broke lances with Palmerston. He tilted at Graham and Stanley. Finally, he determined to "strike at the highest," and entered upon his series of speeches against Peel. Some of these were highly effective in themselves; but the laughter and roars of applause which they evoked in the House were partly factitious, and evinced the deepening hatred of Peel on the part of his own party followers, as they saw him swinging to free trade. Nobody else could level such barbed taunts at him as Disraeli, and so nobody else got such cheers from them. But Mr. Monypenny somewhat exaggerates the part which Disraeli took in the fall of Peel. It would not be accurate to say that Disraeli "overthrew" Peel. His wit and invective doubtless accelerated the Prime Minister's defeat, but that was mainly caused by the bold attacks of Lord George Bentinck, marshalling the great Tory families. Disraeli was unable to take Peel's place. He did not become recognized Tory leader till 1849, three years after this volume closes. In reality, his rise was not so rapid as his undoubted powers would have seemed to warrant. The reason is not concealed by Mr. Monypenny. Disraeli was not trusted. He would have gone higher more quickly if his character had stood higher. Mr. Monypenny again reminds us that it is always dangerous to take any statement of Disraeli's literally. It is shown that he lied unblushingly to his constituents about his debts, which were for years mountainous and harassing. The fact was known, and hindered his advancement. For a long time the air of being an adventurer clung to him. So he had, with all his showy talents and solid parts, to fight his way slowly. He was frantically applauded long before he was confidently followed.

In general, Mr. Monypenny shows more zeal in defending Disraeli's brains than Disraeli's morals. But his frankness and his literary conscience would not permit him to praise highly Disraeli's style at this period of his life. It was not bettered by Parliamentary speaking. And in the novels there is "less simplicity" and "more affectation." "It is one of the many contradictions in Disraeli's mind and character that, in spite of his strong grasp of fact, his keen sense of the ridiculous, and his intolerance of cant, he never could quite distinguish between the genuine and the counterfeit either in language or sentiment." This is a hard saying. Even

when the author is whole-hearted in praise, he leaves the reader to see the evidence of something lacking. For example, he speaks in the highest terms of Disraeli's extraordinary grasp of foreign affairs at this time, and of his anticipating future developments. Yet he records Disraeli's sneer, in a confidential paper of 1842, at "Lord Aberdeen's mystical hallucinations of German nationality." Evidently, foreign politics had not in Disraeli attained the rank of a science able to predict!

The reviewer cannot lay down Mr. Monypenny's book without again expressing regret that so competent a biographer was not permitted to trace for us the rest of Disraeli's career.

#### CURRENT FICTION.

*The Reef.* By Edith Wharton. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

In his recent book on "Play-Making," Mr. William Archer has a chapter about "blind-alley themes": themes from which there is no proper exit, problems of which "all possible solutions are equally unsatisfactory and undesirable." This does not mean simply that there is no way out through the door of stage convention, or that every conceivable exit is "unpleasant." It means, says Mr. Archer, that "there is no possible way out of them which is not worse than unpleasant: humiliating and distressing."

It is to the advantage of the dramatist that he must be on guard against such themes, that he must take care not to present life as a disheartening muddle. The novel, in its relatively fluid and indeterminate state, is as yet hardly conscious of this friendly inhibition. A novelist has, and ought to have, a freer hand than a playwright. It is his compensation for the want of that vivid and active contact with his audience which the playwright enjoys. But he may well bear in mind the caution addressed to dramatists by Mr. Archer: "The crimes of destiny there is some profit in contemplating; but its stupid vulgarities minister neither to profit nor delight."

Mrs. Wharton's chief failing is her addiction to themes of this type. The story of Lily Bart was not only disagreeable; it was depressing and humiliating. She was a victim of the stupid vulgarities of fate. The only way of releasing her from helpless and meaningless torment was the too easy way chosen by Mrs. Wharton, the way of death. It is not surprising that even the services of an expert playwright failed to make a successful play out of such material. Mrs. Wharton does not hesitate to make use of expedients which the stage is laughed at for tolerating. Lily's over-dose of chloral is one; an habitual employment of the "long arm of coincidence" is another.

Miss Bart makes one visit to the rooms of Lawrence Selden, and is once lured to the house of Gus Trenor. Both times her departure is seen by acquaintances who happen to be passing the premises at the particular moment. The action of "The Reef" turns largely on a series of similar, carefully arranged contretemps.

But "The Reef," even more clearly than "The House of Mirth," is built upon a theme impossible of dramatic solution; and in this instance the novelist neither attempts a solution nor cuts the knot. The theme, stated baldly, is this: A still young man, on his way to belated tryst with the only woman he has ever wished to marry, gets a telegram that the meeting must be put off. No explanation is given, and he is about to turn back when chance throws him in contact with a pretty girl who seems to need his help. Both are alone and adrift, and the upshot is a ten days' amour in Paris. They part amicably. Some months later the original tryst is fulfilled, and the man finds installed in his true love's house, and about to marry her stepson, the girl of the Paris affair. This is intolerable: he makes a number of feeble attempts to get rid of the girl, but without avail. It is left for her to break her engagement with the stepson, because she loves the man, and clings to the memory of their brief relation—wants to "keep him all to herself." So she disappears—but not before the older woman has learned the whole truth. Then follow a series of scenes in which the man and the woman torture each other with extraordinary ingenuity. The woman is very modern—tense, quivering, always self-conscious, often hysterical. She decides to part with the man—and on the eve of parting gives herself to him so that she may for once "be to him all" that the hated girl had been. They do not part at the moment, there are a few more chapters of emotional backing and filling, and we leave them at that exercise—well content to leave them. It is clearly impossible that they should ever be happy together—or apart. The only figure which finds its way, in a sense, out of the blind alley, is that of the girl—a figure at least braver and less forlorn than the rest. Stripped of the verbal felicities and subtleties, of the air of grave absorption in the human scene, of the elegances of social setting, which are Mrs. Wharton's familiar assets, the story is a paltry one, or nearly that.

*Bubbles of the Foam.* By F. W. Bain. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

When, in 1899, Mr. Bain published his "Digit of the Moon," he stated in his preface that it was the sixteenth part of a Sanskrit work entitled "The Churning of the Ocean of Time," this particu-

lar portion being, according to Indian ideas, the eighth of these sixteen digits. The present book constitutes the tenth volume of the series, though the word *priti* in its Sanskrit title is the special designation of the thirteenth digit; and we may accordingly expect, in all probability, six more volumes before "The Churning of the Ocean of Time" shall be complete. We search in vain for this work in catalogues of Sanskrit manuscripts or in histories of literature; and the poets Amara and Sulochana, from whom Mr. Bain quotes in "Bubbles," are equally elusive.

Judged simply as a story, this is one of the best of the series. Beginning with an episode confessedly similar to the opening of the Sanskrit romance of "The Adventures of Harsha," it tells how the goddess Sarasvatī was cursed by the god of love, Kāma, to assume mortal form for smiling at a discord in his singing. Whereupon Kāma was condemned to similar punishment by Brahma, his curse being determined by the quality and period of that of the goddess. Kāma was, accordingly, born as Atirupa, the son of Jaya; and Sarasvatī as Alipriyā or Aranyāni, the daughter of King Bimba, whom Jaya dethroned and drove into a lonely forest. Atirupa grew up a spoiled young monarch of matchless beauty and unbridled desires, who when told of Aranyāni hastens to the forest, fascinates the maiden, and carries her off to his palace. Later she returns to the forest broken-hearted, and contrives to make Babhrū, a woodman, who has loved her, put an end to her life. Babhrū then seeks out Atirupa and kills him with the same knife that has destroyed the mistreated heroine. The soul of the prince and that of Chamu, his *vita*, or sycophant, enter other bodies, and Babhrū becomes a camel, the sight of whose bones in the desert leads Īva to tell the tale to his spouse Pārvatī.

Such is the framework for some of the most admirable character-drawing that Mr. Bain's work has yet revealed. The portrayal of the gradual yielding of Aranyāni, a maiden wise in ancient lore but innocent of knowledge of the wiles of a gross libertine, is full of pathos. Unfortunately, the record is not confined to one country or to one time. Atirupa is drawn with a less sympathetic hand, though his patient scheming to obtain his victory is not without skill. The real hero, at least in character, is Babhrū, whose love for Aranyāni, whether as simple forest maid or as the cast-off plaything of a king, is a thing of exquisite beauty.

Yet, despite the beauty of the whole, there is much in the volume that seems non-Indian; in fact, distinctly Occidental. The phraseology lacks in great part the subtle Sanskrit flavor that marks the earlier volumes of the series, though genuine bits of Indian simile are fre-



quent. But the most serious criticism centres in Babhru. To the Occidental he is very attractive, but—he is a woodman; and unless the "Churning of the Ocean of Time" is tinged with Buddhism, though it is uncompromisingly orthodox and Çaivite in tone, such a drawing is almost impossible for a low-caste character. The love of Babhru is almost too noble to be Indian, with whom love is very likely to be of the earth earthy, particularly in the case of the sterner sex.

*My Dog and I.* By Gerald Sidney. With numerous illustrations by the author. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

On the higher levels of humor the modern Englishman (in the face of table) is quite worthy to associate with us. But we seem to be conversant with intermediate levels of which Englishmen are hardly aware. We do not necessarily pass direct from a subtle smile to a guffaw. We find a considerable range of amusing performance between Rip Van Winkle and the Rogers brothers—between the pleasantry of Mr. Howells and the pleasantries of Messrs. Mutt and Jeff. Outside of the "homes of burlesque" and the pages of the comic supplement, we are distinctly on guard against mere facetiousness. It is safe to say that the publishers of the present book would not dream of publishing a book of similar character by an American author. It was a generation ago that "Helen's Babies" took us by storm.

"Helen's Babies," after all, had a human element. The naughty children were not mere monsters of infantile depravity; they represented babyhood in a phase of comic effervescence. Mr. Sidney's dog is not a dog, but a silly contrivance of springs and fur, so manipulated as to fall into everything and knock over everybody on a specially prepared stage. In short, he is the dog of the comic supplement, elevated to the post of hero in a narration of some length. The deeply humorous nature of the incidents which make up that narrative may be gathered from the opening episode: Old gentleman shut in portable Turkish bath with dog. Dog turns up wick of kerosene stove which generates steam. Old gentleman coated with lampblack, which daughter tries to remove with lavender water, but uses copal varnish by mistake. Practical joker, posing as physician, sends old gentleman to hospital, registering him as a colored missionary. And so on: a *jeu d'esprit* which may be recommended to the taste of the ten-year-old whose sense of humor does not find itself sufficiently developed to appreciate the relative subtleties and delicacies of "Peck's Bad Boy."

### THREE BOOKS ON JAPAN.

*The Creed of Half Japan.* Historical Sketches of Japanese Buddhism. By Arthur Lloyd, M.A. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50 net.

*The Japanese Nation, Its Land, Its People, and Its Life.* By Inazo Nitobé, Ph.D., LL.D. With a map. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

*American-Japanese Relations: An Inside View of Japan's Policies and Purposes.* By Kiyoshi K. Kawakami. New York: F. H. Revell Co. \$2 net.

These three volumes add appreciably to our understanding of Japan and suggest visibly by their issue in the same year the increasing attention paid by serious readers to the deeper currents of thought affecting the renovation of the Empire. The first on the list before us is the work of a man who admirably represented the highest type of the scholarly missionary to be found here and there in all the "fields" outside of Christendom. A graduate and sometime dean of Peterhouse, Cambridge, he taught in both Canada and Japan in mission and Government colleges, ending his brilliant career in the prime of life before this volume appeared from the press. The scope of this his most mature and carefully considered publication is much broader than its title indicates. It is a study of the sources and development of that form of Buddhism which found its way across the continent of Asia to Japan, and as such it takes its place as a contribution of the first importance to our knowledge of the Mahâyâna, the later and amplified Buddhism which spread over northern and eastern Asia. The limitation which renders this work a special treatise rather than an exposition of the whole subject lies in the fact that the author's sources are entirely Japanese. These comprise, indeed, translations from Sanskrit and Chinese writings, but much will have to be learned from original works in these and other Asiatic languages before the growth of the doctrine is adequately revealed. The subject is profoundly involved in the history of long periods of mediæval Asiatic history about which the world as yet knows next to nothing.

Professor Lloyd's chief contribution to the history of Buddhism consists in his support of the theory that the Mahâyâna was largely mixed with Christian doctrines, and that its two early apostles, Asvagosha and Nâgârjuna, identified Sâkyamuni with Christ. Perhaps he presses his contention to extremes when he finds two disciples of St. Thomas in the priests from India encountered by the commissioners from the Chinese Emperor Ming-ti dispatched to look for a fulfilment of his dream; but his arguments supporting the conjecture are worth considering. The later spread of Manichæanism and Nestorian Chris-

tianity towards the East renders the supposition historically possible, and some modern Japanese students are disposed to entertain it; but the careful scholar will await further evidence.

The second half of this volume summarizes briefly and lucidly the changes in institutional Buddhism after reaching Japan. Buddhism there played a great rôle, but it earned its bad reputation for hypocrisy and avarice when the fighting men of the country turned in disgust from their ghostly advisers and made what shift they could to direct their lives without the support of any revealed religion whatever. No book that has yet been written explains as clearly as this the underlying causes of that lack of faith and of spiritual ideals which has rendered a sensitive and deeply emotional people generally insensible to the natural longings of the soul.

Yet, though wanting in a religion which appeals to the mystical needs of the individual, the nation responds better, perhaps, than others to the *bushido* which is the soul of a whole people. By a felicitous coincidence, the inventor of a concrete expression for that unified impulse is the author of the next book in our triad. Professor Nitobé's "Japanese Nation" is made up of twelve lectures delivered during the last college year as exchange professor in this country. It would be unfortunate if the suspicion that occasional addresses must imply conventional commonplaces should keep any one from reading this volume. These chapters epitomize the mature opinions of a highly trained teacher upon the characteristics, problems, and condition of his nation as a whole. While there can be nothing final in the verdict pronounced by even the most acute thinker upon a race of which he is a member, his judgment has great value as an interpretation of his own people to the outside world in terms which are readily understood by his audience. It is what we desire to know of a foreign culture told to us with a charm and precision of diction that can fairly be called astonishing. In a brief notice such as this a single illustration of the author's style and philosophic temper will reveal the quality of his book with more propriety than an inevitably condensed discussion:

The sense of beauty extended horizontally generates art, and the same projected upwards paints and carves a religion. When I speak of my people as deeply imbued with a religious sentiment, please note that I lay particular stress on the term *sentiment*. They are sentimental and artistic, and among their higher sentiments and elevated tastes are a religious taste and sentiment. This is far from saying that they are so swayed by religion that their very sentiments and tastes are governed by it. Our zeal will not manifest itself in the same manner as it does among the Jews and the Spaniards, the Hindus or the Arabs. We are too matter-of-fact in our every-day life to

become zealots; but should persecutions arise, martyrdom would be hailed in heroism rather than in faith, and death courted as an honorable exit from this life rather than as an entrance to the next. . . . The Japanese conception of religion is clear in spots but generally vague. It begins in instinct, gains volume in sentiment, and grows in strength by emotion.

It would be unfair to apply this to Japan in her earlier historical development, for Buddhism at one time made her really religious. Her "sentiment" to-day does not imply conviction, without which there is no true religious life. But no better clue to the riddle of her modern attitude has ever been couched in language intelligible to the Western world.

Professor Nitobé records his regret that he did not confine the field of his lectures to the relations between Japan and the United States, but he consoles himself with the reflection that a countryman had accomplished this task ere his course was concluded. Mr. Kawakami's "American-Japanese Relations," the book to which he refers, if less flattering to his American readers than Nitobé's, is a carefully reasoned argument supporting the Japanese contention in regard to Manchuria, Korea, and the immigration question. The volume is in line with several that have been written the past four years on international political questions in the Far East. None of them has yet passed from the arena of politics to that of history, and while they admit of differences in opinion, a plea for the Japanese position is eminently opportune. The attitude of Japan in upholding her treaty rights to use the South Manchurian railways and to forbid the building of competing roads is fairly upheld. The author's premise that Manchuria comes to Japan as a reward of victory, and that Japan is entitled to recoup herself for the cost of a great war by enjoying all the privileges of her position there, is the basis of an argument from which all the rest flows logically. On this ground he not only combats, but pours contempt upon Secretary Knox's proposal to neutralize the Manchurian railways. Perhaps the plan was politically impracticable; it was certainly presented in an unconventional way which unhappily invited discomfiture; but it offered safeguards for the open door and for preserving peace in the province that another generation may regret were not accepted. The justification for Japanese action in Korea is cogently urged. Mr. Kawakami is more temperate in upholding the policy of his country here than are some of her American admirers, and on this account his reasons for annexation appear to be more convincing. As to his relation of the treatment of Japanese in America, his intimate familiarity with the story derived from his residence in Califor-

nia, and the excellent taste with which it is told, make of this portion of his book a contribution of interest and value to the literature on the subject.

*The American Mind.* By Bliss Perry. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.25 net.

These lectures, originally delivered before the Lowell Institute and elsewhere, are in the pleasant and often suggestive vein which is characteristic of this writer. Mr. Perry is not a robust critic. He is insinuating, sympathetic, eager to find objects for admiration and to communicate his enthusiasm. This is a praiseworthy and necessary type of commentator. But Mr. Perry's enthusiasm is not always under control. He has a way of preparing solid foundations for a critical structure—and then building a castle in the air. And he sometimes succumbs to the temptation of the special pleader.

These papers, for example, are written from the conviction that a distinctive American "mind," or point of view, exists, and has existed from the earliest colonial times. "Certain epochs of our history," he says, "have been peculiarly 'American,' and have furnished the most ideal expression of national tendencies." He proceeds to select three such periods: "the first vigorous epoch of New England Puritanism, say, from 1630 to 1676; then, the epoch of the great Virginians, say, from 1766 to 1789; and finally the epoch of distinctly national feeling, in which New England and the West were leaders, between 1830 and 1865. Each of them has revealed, in noble fashion, the political, ethical, and emotional traits of our people; and although the first two of the three periods concerned themselves but little with literary expression of the deep-lying characteristics of our stock, the expression is not lacking."

Thomas Hooker's sermon on the "Foundation of Political Authority" and John Winthrop's grave advice on the "Nature of Liberty" are the two examples of the literary expression of the first period adduced by Mr. Perry. They wrote, he says, "before our formal national existence began," but in feeling and essential character, when compared to Jefferson and Lincoln, representatives of the later periods, they "are not so unlike as one might think." The works cited "are political in their immediate purpose, but, like the speeches of Edmund Burke, they are no less literature because they are concerned with the common needs and the common destiny." In short, Hooker and Winthrop and not a few of their contemporaries produced literature, and produced it as Americans, not merely as provincial Englishmen.

As for the term literature, Mr. Perry is sufficiently explicit in his broad use

of it. But when he implies that the seventeenth-century colonial American literature differed radically in the quality of its Americanism from the twentieth century colonial American, we are not able to follow him. "Canadian literature," he says, "has remained to this hour a 'colonial' literature, or, if one prefers the phrase, a literature of 'Greater Britain.'" So, for anything that Mr. Perry has to adduce to the contrary, was the literature of the British colonies in the America of the seventeenth and at least half of the eighteenth centuries.

The instance may serve to suggest Mr. Perry's limitations. Throughout these lectures he is graceful and genial, and often ingenious. He opens various doors of hopeful speculation as to the present and future of American life and letters. But his instinct is that of the familiar essayist rather than of the critic.

*The Inn of Tranquillity.* By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.30 net.

Mr. Galsworthy's new miscellany consists of reprints from periodicals in two divisions headed, respectively, "Concerning Life" and "Concerning Letters." Of the eighteen papers in the first division, six characteristically are sketches of poverty, among which two narratives, "Quality" and "Panel I of the Grand Jury," achieve a directness and poignancy like Mr. Kipling's. Eight papers may be roughly labelled "eclogues," sketches of land and water, rural pursuits and meditations, in most of which the matter, after crystallizing into numberless perfectly defined shapes, ends in a state of total liquefaction, the solvent being either literal twilight or mist or some far-reaching mystic generalization. Of the four remaining papers, the best, "Memories," is a very clever but labored memoir of a spaniel, somewhat injured like other parts of the volume by the author's determination to wring the last drop of significance from a half-willing subject.

In the eight papers, "Concerning Letters," Mr. Galsworthy pleads with eloquence and insight for freedom, for self-expression, for self-discipline, for the "detachment" which leaves the moral to the fact itself or to the public, for the rights of the unpalatable truth. In "Some Platitudes Concerning Drama" it is suggested that our renaissance drama will flow in two distinct channels, the "broad and clear-cut channel of naturalism" and a poetic-prose drama disclosing "the elemental soul of man and the forces of Nature." In "Vague Thoughts on Art" the author finds the touchstone of art in the impersonality of the induced emotion, and identifies the power that evokes this feeling, not with beauty, but with rhythm or vitality. He dis-



tinguishes realism and romanticism by their ultimate aims, the first seeking primarily enlightenment, the second primarily delight—a view unfortunate, perhaps, in removing the ground of distinction from the concreteness of works to the shadowland of motive.

Mr. Galsworthy is averse to the mechanism of logic, and he softens its angularities in these papers by casting his argument into more flexible and sympathetic forms, sometimes painful but penetrating symbolism, as in "A Novelist's Allegory," sometimes Fieldingian irony, as in the excellent mock defence of the "Censorship," more often meditations or reveries, dashed here and there with landscape: in the shelter of these devices he glides into his subject with the liteness characteristic of his mind. The results are not unhappy, though vague thinking certainly occurs.

The reader closes the book with a feeling that hardly more than two other living authors could crowd into a handful of miscellanies an equal wealth of thought and of original and felicitous language; yet his enjoyment is not quite unqualified. Two points of doubt suggest themselves. In the sketches of poverty, the misery is dilated, not perhaps beyond the facts, but beyond that view of the facts which incites to courageous endeavor. The spectator in these vignettes (he is omnipresent, by the way) is always pensive, always passive, prone to lose himself in what might not unfairly be called an intoxication of pity. The result proves how readily misery, like alcohol, may figure successively as stimulus, irritant, and sedative. The basis of effective sympathy, as of effective selfishness, is hope. Furthermore, the style is not impeccable. Mr. Galsworthy's almost unlimited command of original and beautiful phrases has not protected his English against trivial originalities and pinchbeck ornament. Finding the word "individuality" banal, he resorts to the meretricious "flower of author"; his nights are "sweetly hot," and his "warmth" is "golden" and "silky" in the same breath. Poverty might excuse these lapses in another; in Mr. Galsworthy they are as vexatious as a false diamond on the shirt-front of a proprietor in Golconda.

*Troy: A Study in Homeric Geography.*  
By Walter Leaf. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$3.50 net.

When Dr. Leaf finished his second edition of the "Iliad" he made his first visit to Troy and was struck by the prosaic appearance of the landscape. The low and marshy banks of its mean rivers and the long, flat top of Ida could not appeal to a poet familiar with Taygetus, Parnassus, Tempe, and Olympus in Europe, or with Adramyttium, Smyrna, Miletus, and Ephesus in Asia. The problem was forced upon

him of explaining why a poet chose the Troad for the scenes of the "Iliad," and also why this insignificant hillock of Hissarlik had been the early seat of a wealthy and cultured people, and then in historical times had been neglected or remembered solely in poetry.

This problem brought him back to Troy in 1910, when he became convinced that the despised Catalogue of the Trojans was an authentic record, revealing not only the military forces, but also the trade routes to which Troy owed her greatness, a greatness conditioned solely by the ability to block the Hellespont. Again, in the spring of 1911, he returned, and under unusually favorable conditions visited in the Troad and surrounding districts nearly all the places named in the "Iliad." On the basis of his exact knowledge of the poetry and its setting he has reached the following conclusions: Troy and the Troad are described from true historical knowledge; the Trojan Catalogue is an authentic document unchanged from the first, and is the reason for the Greek Catalogue; Hissarlik, in its elevation, winds, trees, shrubs, flowers, gulleys, streams, knolls, and general landscape, fits the setting of the "Iliad" in all the minutest details. In discussing how strikingly the account of dragging Hector's body agrees with the topographical conditions of the city, he says: "One thing at least has passed for me beyond all doubt: that the poet who wrote these lines has put into living words a tradition founded on real fighting in this very place."

The Catalogue places the allies of Troy in five distinct regions—the Troad, upper Aegean, shores of the Pontus, Mysia and Phrygia, and the south and east to the extreme limits of Lycia. All these lands, before the Greeks obtained a footing in Asia, belonged to the same commercial group with trade routes radiating from Troy. The raw products of the Pontus and Thrace must be exchanged for finished wares from the south, while the merchants of Lycia, shut off from the west by the growing power of Greece, must look to Thrace and the Pontus for an outlet for their goods, and also as the source of their supply of natural products. Troy, by holding fast to the Hellespont, could force all this trade to come before her walls. The city herself took no part in commerce or industry, but, because of her position, was able to levy tribute on all trade to or from the Hellespont, even the Greeks who wished to share therein must pay the price. The secret of Troy's greatness was the fact that she controlled the very centre of early commerce and grew rich by levying tribute.

The Greeks had forced their power and trade as far as Rhodes; Asia was the next step, but, with Priam in control of the Hellespont and demanding

tribute, advance was impossible. Commercial conditions made the war inevitable. The allies of Troy had unequal interests in the issue, those who sold raw produce could find other markets, and accordingly they were indifferent or fought for hire; but the Lycian traders saw that their fate was involved in the fate of Troy, for with Rhodes in control of the Hellespont their industry would be ruined. This explains why two kings of Lycia fought at Troy and why Hector is so often urged by them to greater bravery. Incidentally, this gives the Lycians a place in the first conception of the "Iliad" and destroys the theory that they are a late addition.

The Trojan War was then a great struggle for the key to commercial supremacy and must have been fought in the place and by the peoples named in Homer. Accordingly the "Iliad" is a real record of a real event, and is not, as generally assumed, the exaggerated description of the struggles of small bands of settlers. Dr. Leaf has given the war a reason and a background worthy of the poem. When Troy lost the power to levy tribute on the trade passing by the Troad her career was ended, this power never returned, therefore the city never revived. This too is a shrewd and convincing reason for the poor part played by Troy in historical times.

The bulk of this book is devoted to presenting to English readers the results of the work done by Dörpfeld, as published in his "Troja und Ilion," with a discussion of the importance of subsequent study and excavation. The accuracy and trustworthiness of all that concerns Troy is assured by the fact that the proof-sheets were revised by Dörpfeld himself. There is now little need to consult the German original.

It is worth noting that this unusually important contribution is not the work of a professional scholar, but of a banker who has devoted himself to business with success and fidelity.

*The Lighter Side of Irish Life.* By George A. Birmingham. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$1.75 net.

Again the familiar suspicion assails us that we have before us the 'prentice work of a writer whose recent popular success has rendered him available, from the publisher's point of view, in almost any form. Or is this merely a fresh illustration of the relative awkwardness with which an easy story-teller often expresses himself when he comes to attempting the essay? The author of "Spanish Gold" and "Priscilla's Spies," with their spontaneous and irresistible fun, might have been expected to enjoy himself, and make us enjoy him, as an informal commentator on Irish manners. In fact, we get the

impression of a gentleman uneasily grinding out copy, and wishing himself better employed.

The first chapter, *As Others See Us*, is painstakingly executed in the paradoxical manner now popular in London. The English, says Mr. Birmingham, modifying a remark by Mr. W. B. Yeats, "are always most generous in endowing us with amiable characteristics which they do not care to claim for themselves." Sentimentalism, wild gayety, irresponsibility, facile charm of manner, eloquence, amorousness, are some of the qualities foisted upon the Irish in this way. The Englishman does not want them. He prides himself upon being practical, staid, and constant—free from the weaknesses which are pardonable and even admirable in "wives, daughters, and people of inferior races." Also in the puppets of fiction: "We supply for the novelist a long-felt want, and are fitted to play in his stories just those parts which throw into the strongest relief the stable worthiness of the ideal, and, I fear, equally mythical, Englishman. The reader of contemporary fiction can hardly fail to be struck with the fact that a dash of Irish blood in her veins is now considered necessary as an explanation of the charm of a heroine, that true gallantry in a hero can only be rendered credible by providing him with at least a grandmother who belonged to an old Irish family." This is amusing and has sufficient truth in it for the casual purposes of the familiar essayist. But when we are assured that the Irishman is not a sentimentalist, that he is not particularly brilliant, or charming, or gay, or irresponsible, and that he is more constant in love than his English cousin, we incline to ask for stronger evidence than is forthcoming. It is not to be found in Mr. Birmingham's own novels, which, as we recall them, quite cheerfully present, with superior verisimilitude as to brogue and costume, the Irishman of literary tradition. It is not to be found in the present series of sketches. George Meredith is named as largely responsible for that tradition, and Thackeray is praised for having painted, in his O'Dowds and his Costigans, the sober, reliable, and calculating Irishman of truth. But it is notable that several times in the course of these pages Mr. Birmingham mentions with approval Mr. Flurry Knox, of the "Adventures of an Irish R.M.," as a true embodiment of Irish character; and his own people are plainly akin to Meredith's O'Donnells rather than to Thackeray's O'Dowds.

Three of these chapters stand out from the baker's dozen as distinctly more than collections of anecdotes—chapters on *The Brogue*, *Old Customs* and *Superstitions*, and *The Yank*: the last being a study of the Irish-American

from the Irish point of view. The sixteen pictures in color which adorn, rather than illustrate, the text, are charming in themselves.

#### BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.—II.

The following books will hold boy readers, and men readers, for all that: "The Boy's Book of Modern Marvels" (Stokes), by C. J. L. Clark, sings the song of a concrete age, with electric giants bringing remote corners of the globe closer together. The story of presses, lighthouses, buoys, docks, engineering feats, and so on, is an absorbing one. Such an encyclopedia as Lieut. Dorling's "All About Ships" (Casell) will find ready readers; as will Thomas Corbin's discourses upon "The Romance of Submarine Engineering" (Lippincott). Glen H. Curtiss's "Aviation Book" (Stokes) is detailed in its discussion of biplanes, and breathless in its narrative of flights. The life of Curtiss is given—a life which will afford every village aviator hope of distinction. Dutton has imported "The Boy's Playbook of Science"—physics and chemistry in agreeable form. In a discussion of what man has done to conquer the unconquerable, we cannot overlook Major-Gen. A. W. Greely's "True Tales of Arctic Heroism in the New World" (Scribner), wherein the heroes of ice and snow are authoritatively discussed. These exact accounts are filled with character, and in one chapter Lady Franklin figures as a heroine. "Housekeeping for Little Girls" (Duffield), by Olive Hyde Foster, is a simple study of domestic science; Hedwig Levi's "Work and Play for Little Girls" (Duffield) is a companion volume, and illustrates what may be made from seemingly impossible things, such as match boxes, shoestrings, and the like. Ida E. Boyd has written for Moffat, Yard, "When Mother Lets Us Cut Pictures." A story is told by some one and illustrated by cutting figures and objects out of white paper and pasting them on a black background.

Ernest Rhys has done some judicious gathering in "The English Fairy Book" (Stokes). National differences are very easily detected in the decorative editions of Hauff's "Caravan Tales" (Stokes), Post Wheeler's "Russian Wonder Tales" (Century), and Alan Whitehorn's "Wonder Tales of Old Japan" (Stokes). A charmingly printed and pictured book is Lilian Gask's "The Fairies and the Christmas Child" (Crowell), the artist being Willy Pogány. As an example of book-making, this last is to be commended; the type is soft and clear, the line drawings delicately traced. John Harrington Cox has literary sources for his "Folk Tales of East and West" (Little, Brown); he has retold stories from Early Middle English, from Old French, from Dutch (unwisely the legend of "Sister Beatrice"), from Chaucer, from Layamon's Brut, and from the Apocrypha. These stories, so the author declares, have been tested and proved successful; what is more, the majority of them have never been adapted for children before.

Among the so-called religious books, L. T. Meade's method of writing "Stories from the Old, Old Bible" (London: Chambers) seems to be unfortunate, in fact bad in taste. Sixteen sections of the Old Testa-

ment are used, the tales being transformed into intimate reminiscences told by Eve and other characters of note. This is an importation. Mrs. Margaret Sangster's contribution to the season's welfare is "East-over Parish" (Revell), which traces the life of a real parish with people in it known to the author. This is, therefore, a bit of autobiography. George Hodges's "The Castle of Zion" (Houghton) likewise retells stories from the Old Testament in direct narrative style. We wish such books as these would shed more light and be less sweet, for with all their circulation, children in our schools still remain in blind ignorance of the Great Book.

We trust our readers will sympathize with the reviewer who approaches juvenile fiction with some misgivings. The usual types are well, even copiously, represented, and the series multiply like the spawn of the sea. The only new tendency is to cater to the Boy Scout movement, and this activity alone has brought us a row of books repeating the same details drawn from the official manual. We sound the warning to give us more story, more character, and less devotion to the dry details of the scout duties, which are as bad as the restrictions and piousness of the moralist. As representative of this class we can but mention a few. Walter P. Eaton assuredly intends, now that he has published "The Boy Scouts of Berkshire" (Wilde), to enter the field as a juvenile writer. His story draws heavily upon the manual, as does also Mrs. I. T. Thurston's "The Scout Master of Troops" (Revell), both of them manly in tone and transforming character, so to speak, while you wait.

In conclusion, we can but mention with cordiality such books as Bartlett's "The Lady of the Lane" (Century), Mary Leonard's "Every-Day Susan" (Crowell), Marion Ames Taggart's "Six Girls Grown Up" (Wilde), Belle Moses's "Helen Ormesby" (Appleton), Maria Davless's "Sue Jane" (Century), Abbie Farwell Brown's "Their City Christmas" (Houghton), and Eleanor Gates's "The Poor Little Rich Girl" (Duffield).

## Notes

The first book bearing the imprint of the new house of F. G. Browne & Co., Chicago, will be Isabel Gordon Curtis's "The Lapse of Enoch Wentworth," which will be published in January.

Dutton is about to issue an account of a tour through Palestine by the distinguished surgeon, Sir Frederick Treves. It is entitled "The Land that Is Desolate."

"The Authoritative Life of General William Booth," founder of the Salvation Army, has been written by G. S. Railton, Gen. Booth's First Commissioner. It will soon be issued by Doran.

The Rev. S. Parkes Cadman, D.D., is bringing out immediately through A. L. Chatterton Company a book on "The Victory of Christmas."

Among the books which Holt will shortly have ready are the following: Grillparzer's "Des Meeres und der Liebe Wellen," edited by Prof. Martin Schütze; "Sprach- und Lesebuch," by W. H. Gohdes and H. A.



Buschek; Mogk's "Deutsche Sitten und Bräuche," with notes and vocabulary by Prof. Laurence Fossier, and a revised and enlarged edition of Prof. H. S. Canby's "The Short Story," a textbook for college courses.

The story of "Polly of the Hospital Staff" will be continued in Miss Dowd's new book, "Polly at Lady Gay Cottage," which Houghton Mifflin will issue early next year.

Smith & Elder will shortly publish Sir Harry Johnston's "The Foreign Policy of the British Empire," which is described as being, not a history of the subject, but an account of Great Britain's present methods of dealing with other nations.

"The Crowning Phase in the Critical Philosophy," by the Rev. Dr. R. A. C. Macmillan, which is a study in Kant's "Critique of Judgment," or rather of Kant's system with that as its central feature, is announced by the Macmillans.

The professorship of Anglo-Saxon at Cambridge, England, left vacant by the death of Skeat, has been assumed by Mr. H. M. Chadwick.

Siberia is the subject of the first two articles in the *National Geographic Magazine* for November. From impressions received during a journey on the Transcontinental Railway, Major-Gen. A. W. Greely tells of its remarkable economic evolution. This is so great that he believes that within the twentieth century it will be the centre of Russian trade and commerce, mainly because it is receiving "a hardy, courageous, and resourceful immigration." Glimpses of the country from the car windows of a trans-Siberian train are entertainingly described by Mr. W. W. Chapin, illustrated by fifty-one photographs in color. Much useful information about the little known Albanians is given by T. J. Damon, of Constantinople. The remainder of the number consists of extracts from "The Balkan Question," published in 1905, one being the introduction by the Hon. James Bryce. There are 124 illustrations and two maps.

"Scenes from Every Land" is the third series of pictures taken from the *National Geographic Magazine*. Nearly three hundred in number, they show the people, natural phenomena, and animal life of all parts of the world. In the preface by the editor, Gilbert H. Grosvenor, the surprising statement is made that the National Geographic Society has a membership of 150,000, and an income of more than \$350,000, of which \$50,000 to \$60,000 is available annually for geographical research and exploration.

*Die Erde* is an "illustrated bi-monthly magazine for geographical information, travels, and hunting," published in Weimar, the first number of which appeared in October. The editor is Ewald Banse, a well-known Eastern traveller and author. It opens with a record of the principal events of the previous fortnight, and then follow signed articles on different countries, those of November 1 being on Turkey and Bulgaria.

There are many scenes in Egypt which lend themselves admirably to the purposes of the artist, particularly for water-color treatment. When to high artistic ability there is added the pen of a ready writer, with appreciative eye and mind, there is a combination which has the power to produce

a book of beauty and value. Such is Walter Tyndale's "An Artist in Egypt" (Doran). Mr. Tyndale is already favorably known as the author of a similar book, called "Below the Cataracts." The present volume contains eighteen pictures of scenes in and about Cairo, and nine of places further up the Nile valley. The color work is remarkably well done, and each of the pictures has charm. The text contains the observations of the writer upon a multitude of subjects and places, taken from a careful notebook of impressions. The volume offers a delightful possession for one who has seen identical or similar scenes, or for one in whom love of local color in foreign climes is well developed.

In 1901 Mr. Dwight L. Elmendorf started for the Holy Land with his camera, partly, as he tells us in the preface of "A Camera Crusade Through the Holy Land" (Scribner), to establish his wavering faith. In this latter quest he was successful, and he also brought back a number of pictures, out of which he constructed some very effective illustrated lectures on the Holy Land. These lectures, condensed into one, covering the ordinary tourist route, he has published in a well got-up volume, with one hundred of his photographs. The book is, in fact, a lantern lecture on the Holy Land. The text is printed by itself, open-spaced, excessively paragraphed, consisting to a considerable extent of Bible citations. The pictures, which occupy roughly three-quarters of the entire space, are printed full-page, each faced with a title-page of its own, which also contains from one to a dozen Bible references. The pictures are almost exclusively landscapes; all are good, and some extremely artistic.

In Dr. S. M. Crothers's latest volume, "Humanly Speaking" (Houghton), there is something more than the unifying element of a marked personality. More than the ordinary book of essays it shows the progress of a single argument. If you put aside such plainly independent studies as the delightful papers on "The Obviousness of Dickens" and "The Contemporaneity of Rome," you find that Dr. Crothers is concerned with the evolution of the American spirit and the American conscience. The problems of the age press upon him much more lightly, of course, than they do upon us who have not the same wit and philosophy to oppose to them, but they make themselves felt, nevertheless. Dr. Crothers protests against the tyrannies of our growing social conscience, but in a way which shows that at bottom he rejoices in them. Is there one other man in this country who could have written "In the Hands of a Receiver," with its absolute truthfulness, its sympathy, and its brilliant humor? Into this paper he has incorporated a chant after the Whitmanesque manner, entitled "The Song of Obligations," which is, at the same time, a laugh at the moral frenzies of the age and a tribute to the fine spirit that underlies them. He himself offers the explanation for the spiritual unrest of the times in an excellent study of the evolution of the American temperament. He leaves us in a mood of chastened but confident knowledge of our strength and our limitations, but one can escape from that easily enough by turning back to the

rollicking fun of "The Song of Obligations."

Prof. Walter L. Fleming, of the University of Louisiana, edits "General W. T. Sherman as a College President" (Cleveland: The Arthur H. Clark Co.), a compilation of letters, connected by a thread of text, between Sherman and friends North and South, during the year or so immediately preceding the Civil War. Sherman at the time was head of the seminary at Alexandria, which was the germ of the State University. For the history of that institution the book is important. Incidentally also it throws light upon conditions in the State at the time. As regards Sherman himself, however, the book merely supplements with detail a picture which was already plain. The records of the Civil War chronicle the noteworthy deeds of the stalwart captain. The "Personal Memoirs" and "Home Letters" illustrate with unusual vividness his personality. In his day of small things, his force, good judgment, and substantial manhood were what they were when he was saving the country. One follows with interest the comparatively petty incidents of such a man's waiting years, but the historic figure gains no new distinctness.

"London," says G. K. Stirling Taylor in the preface to his "Historical Guide to London" (Dutton), "is not a fit subject for a book. A fragment of it might possibly be got within the limits of a library, but even that would be a somewhat hasty glance." After which apology he proceeds in part I of his volume to give a kaleidoscopic view of the history of the city; part II is devoted to well-chosen itineraries; part III is a gazetteer, giving more detailed information concerning places already mentioned in the itineraries, and a very complete index concludes a book that is admirable for its purposes.

Possibly Helen Douglas-Irvine realized the truth of Mr. Taylor's dictum when she decided to compress her "History of London" (Pott) into some 360 pages of excellently clear type. The merit of her book is that it gives a brief and understandable account of the constitutional development of the city from the time of the Norman Conquest. The subject is full of complexities, and there was room for a volume which should bring together the essential facts of the story in a concise form. To this extent the author has succeeded. Her work, however, is not inspired or inspiring. Indeed, one is amazed to discover, in perusing these pages, how dull such an exciting theme as the story of London may be made to appear. In the history of the Livery foundations alone is a veritable romance of commerce; every stone of London has its tragedy; and for humor, one could wish nothing more exquisite than the frequent unheroic conduct of the city worthies in their dealings with King or Protector for the safeguarding of their interests. Nothing of this does the author bring out in her narrative.

"The Pioneer Mothers of America" (Putnam), by H. C. and Mary W. Green, is a three-volume compilation consisting of brief biographical sketches of "the more notable women of the early days of the country, and particularly of the colonial and revolutionary period," who have "been helpful in the making of history." But in order to fill so many pages it has apparent-

ly been necessary to assume that the measure of importance is the amount of information ready to hand. Hence such chapters as *Wives of the Signers*, *Wives of the War Governors*, and *Patron Saints*. Hence also a long chapter on Annetje Jans, whose only title to fame is that her "farm" became the subject of interminable litigation, but to whom more pages are devoted than to Ann Hutchinson, who has really some significance in history. The authors have read widely if not well; widely, in order to get together all the information possible; but not well, since the information has been used, not to estimate justly the importance of all these women, but to support the preconception that they had more importance than they have received credit for. For example, the authors have evidently read Henry Adams's essay on the Pocahontas story, but this destructive criticism only makes them cross, and they petulantly dismiss this "Cambridge Professor" as one of those iconoclasts whose only wish is to "tear down whatever of tradition exists in the form of popular ideals." John Fiske's defence of the traditional view is more to their liking, not because he has refuted the Cambridge professor, but because he appears in the light of a champion of a neglected pioneer mother. Well, the lyric tone of the volumes will doubtless just suit the temper of our earnest young suffragists, and perhaps minister to the intellectual needs of fervent, elderly clubwomen.

Ever since Madame Waddington discovered a grateful public for her stories of the everyday life of the court of the last French Empire, we have been presented at least once a year with similar revelations. The Paris of Napoleon III just before the *Débâcle* was an extremely entertaining place, and warmly welcomed all those who were capable and willing to contribute their share to its gayety. Madame Moulton (who after the death of her first husband became the Baroness de Heggermann Lindencrone) was the wife of an American banker residing in Paris, well connected, handsome, and possessed of a voice which could touch the hearts of Cambridge folk living peacefully on Erastle Street as much as those of German soldiers besieging Paris. Such a woman was certain of a warm welcome by a sovereign who, whatever his faults, had a most gracious gift of appreciating such accomplishments. Of the many things which Mrs. Moulton was enabled to see and to hear, she wrote to her relatives in clever and entertaining letters. There have been collected, and are now published by Harpers, under the title "In the Courts of Memory." They do not make any pretence at serious history, but they offer very agreeable reading. We are grateful that she has showed us in a common-sense way a bit of the undeniable charm of a world which is quite as extinct as the *status quo* of the Balkans.

One of the most readable and valuable of the histories of modern philosophy is that of Höfding, which has for some years been accessible in an English version. The author's subsequent abridgment of this work has now been translated by Prof. C. F. Sanders ("A Brief History of Modern Philosophy": Macmillan). As a textbook for the use of beginners, the abridgment is overcrowded with condensed expositions of

the doctrines of minor philosophers; but to readers who desire such a comprehensive epitome, or who seek a concise yet authoritative work of reference on the subject, the volume may be commended. The English of the translation is poor, though fairly clear; thus, Kant's categorical imperative appears in the syntax of Potash and Perimutter: "Act according to the maxim that you could at the same time will that it might become a universal law!" The proof-reading in the case of proper names and quotations from foreign languages is extremely bad. Some of the errors are clearly due to the author's retaining in German titles the case-endings which they had in their original context. Half the French words lack their proper accents. There is no uniformity in the treatment of the Christian names of German writers; one meets Louis Büchner, but Ludwig Feuerbach, George William Frederick Hegel, but Friedrich William Schelling. The name of a Spanish philosopher is Teutonized into Franz Sanchez. The translation throughout shows the marks of carelessness and haste.

"Romantic Days in the Early Republic" (Little, Brown), by Mary Caroline Crawford, is well printed, abundantly illustrated, and elaborately bound. It differs from most "gift books" in joining with its pomp and circumstance a fair amount of real merit. The author writes with such gusto—enjoys herself so thoroughly—that we follow her with more than the languid interest that books of this kind ordinarily elicit. Quoting freely and for the most part aptly from every manner of diarist, letter writer, and writer of reminiscences, and interfusing sprightly comment, Miss Crawford succeeds in putting visibly before us the houses, the dress, the social ways, of the more conspicuous persons living in Philadelphia, New York, Washington, Baltimore, Charleston, and other cities in "that gracious era" of the Early Republic. We are privileged to witness Washington's levees at the Franklin house, and the wedding of Peter Augustus Jay; we are in the White House when it suffers the blight of a bachelor President; and we are always in the company of beautiful and charming women. In general the author avoids small talk: rarely does she pounce upon a "delectable bit of gossip," such as that melancholy dinner when George Washington refused rancid cream and Mrs. W. "ate a whole heap of it." And even small talk, we must be charitable enough to admit, is entertaining when we are in a small mood. Miss Crawford's style, when she inserts a word—or a few pages—in somebody's diary or reminiscences, is sound as well as vivacious, and is free of the journalistic looseness and shabbiness that the insubstantial title of the book suggests. We will risk triviality in observing that her parenthetic exclamations and interrogation marks are puerile.

It is chiefly the quaint and sometimes incomparable Japanese English of Yoshio Markino that constitutes the charm of his autobiography, "When I Was a Child" (Houghton Mifflin). Yet there is something idyllic too about the story of a Samurai boyhood in the country, and something of tragedy in the passage from reverend Confucian and Mencian teachers to underbred and ignorant missionaries. Here we have a pathetic record of the yearning for en-

lightenment that suddenly undermined the traditional manners and religions of Japan. Mr. Markino's bitter struggle in San Francisco before he achieved success as a painter and writer in London is humorously and lightly touched upon. It is a heartening and winning story, a book well worth reading. The author's ink sketches add attractiveness to the pages, but it is a pity to find him in an attitude of philistine misunderstanding towards the old Japanese landscape school.

E. V. Lucas's "A Wanderer in Florence" (Macmillan) is written with the deftness and amenity which we expect of the popular editor and biographer of Charles Lamb. On all matters of taste, judgment, and selection, Mr. Lucas is a capital cicerone. With a thorough overhauling in the interest of accuracy this volume would easily rank near the top among Florence guides. But Mr. Lucas seems to have a kind of genius for misinformation, and one is tempted to conclude that just as certain unscrupulous wags are said to have tried how much Vasari would swallow so our author has been undone by jocular friends. A record of sheer blunders would swell this review to inordinate length. We appreciate the difficulties of a well-meaning layman projected amid the jarring views of critics, but is not the sensible course always open of choosing one good authority and sticking to him? There are the usual cuts and a few attractive color sketches of the city by Harry Morley.

It is now eleven years since the late Dr. Samuel Macauley Jackson published a small volume of selections from the works of Zwingli in translation, using for the purpose the edition of Schuler and Schulthess, 1828-1842. At that time it was his intention to print further translations, but for various reasons the work was postponed. Meanwhile a new Swiss edition of Zwingli's writings in the original began to appear and has now made substantial progress. The present volume—"The Latin Works and the Correspondence of Huldreich Zwingli; Together with Selections from his Works" (Putnam), edited with introductions and notes by Samuel Macauley Jackson, Vol. I, 1510-1522—contains translations of part of the material in the first volume of this Swiss edition. The editor includes two of the treatises in the edition of 1901, revised, however, in accordance with the new text. To these are added the Life of the reformer by his friend Myconius, written in 1532. The translation of the Latin writings is by Mr. Henry Preble, that of the German works by Dr. Walter Lichtenstein and Prof. L. A. McLouth. Their work is excellently done, with due regard alike to fidelity to the original and to correct and idiomatic English. The editor's contribution shows that meticulous care in details which we have learned to expect from Dr. Jackson. It is matter for congratulation that we are now to have in English a worthy presentation of the writings of a man whose appeal to the modern spirit is as direct as Luther's and is often much more in the temper of our approach to the problems not only of practical religion but of national honor.

Miss J. L. Weston has already proved her skill in translation, metrical as well as prose, so that her "Romance, Vision, and Satire: English Alliterative Poems of the



Fourteenth Century, newly rendered in the *Original Metres*" (Houghton, Mifflin), will find a ready welcome among students of our older literature. The work, which was undertaken at the suggestion of Prof. W. H. Schofield, contains complete translations of "Sir Gawain and the Green Knight," "The Adventures of Arthur at the Tarn Wadling," and "Pearl"—also renderings of parts of the alliterative "Morte Arthure," "Cleanliness," "Patience," and "Piers Plowman" (down to the end of Passus VIII for the A-text, with merely the Prologue from the B-text). The term "*Original Metres*" is accurate only for the poems in stanzas. The last four poems in the list just given are all written in the old alliterative line, but Miss Weston has translated "Piers Plowman" in Morris's "Sigurd" metre, and the rest in decasyllabic couplets. The rhythmic effect in both instances is of course quite different from that of alliterative verse, though these are perhaps the best modern measures available for the purpose. From the nature of the case, however, the result is not so satisfactory as in the translations of the poems where the old stanza-forms have been preserved. On the other hand, the "Pearl" presents difficulties that are not exclusively metrical, and Miss Weston has herself confessed the inadequacy of her powers for the rendering of the subtle mysticism of this elegy. On the whole, the translation of "Sir Gawain and the Green Knight" is the most favorable specimen of her talents. The book should prove very useful as parallel reading in courses which aim at giving a general survey of English literature. The brief notes at the end of the volume call for little comment. Much more effective, however, than M. Jusserand's articles as a refutation of Professor Manly's theory of the multiple authorship of "Piers Plowman" is the contribution of Miss Weston's own countryman, R. W. Chambers, in the *Modern Language Review* for January, 1910. We believe also that she underates the dependence of the alliterative "Morte Arthure" on its sources.

The cruel sufferings and religious fortitude of Louis XVI's sister, Madame Elisabeth, are vividly and interestingly told in "The Ruin of a Princess" (The Lamb Publishing Co.)—a reissue in complete but less expensive form of a work originally published a dozen years ago. It is not a biography of the romantic, extravagant sort, such as was written by De Beauchêne in 1869; it is composed simply of excellent translations by Katherine Prescott Wormeley of Madame Elisabeth's own letters and of the narratives of the prison life of the royal family which were written by Louis XVI's daughter, Madame Royale (later Duchess of Angoulême), and by his valet, Cléry. These contemporary records by eye-witnesses give lively pictures of revolutionary horrors, and the cruel indignities heaped upon Madame Elisabeth from the fatal Tenth of August, 1792, when she chose to share the imprisonment of her brother, until she herself was hurried to the guillotine in May, 1794. There is added a translation of Sainte-Beuve's appreciation of her, and a good sketch of the facts of the Princess's early life.

Mrs. Hamilton King's "Letters and Recollections of Mazzini" (Longmans) is a beautiful tribute from one of the younger

British devotees of that great idealist. In girlhood she worshipped him from afar—him and Garibaldi, and other heroes and martyrs of the Italian struggle for independence. She even wished to enlist as a nurse in the Garibaldi campaigns. For several years before her first meeting with Mazzini she corresponded with him, and after their meeting, until his final departure from England seven years later, she was admitted into the inner circle of his intimates. His letters as published here show that tender side of him which we have had revealed often before. His courtesy, his simplicity, his kindness, and the unfailing spirituality of his words and presence glow again in Mrs. King's description of them. Here and there, we find reference to events of the day, or to conspiracies about to be touched off. There are letters from Madame Venturi describing his imprisonment at Gaeta; and there is a memorable account of his death, in which he is represented as saying, "Yes! Yes! I believe in God!"—"and with these words, fell back and expired."

Mrs. King's pen portrait of Mazzini is the best that any English contemporary has drawn. After he died she poured forth her veneration in a volume of poems, "The Disciples," which enjoyed a wide reading, and led Cardinal Manning to seek her out. Without difficulty, she says, she, who had been an absolutely loyal Mazzinian, became a Roman Catholic. Now, in her old age, she puts forth this hymn of praise to the adored Master of her youth who was, in her opinion, "much less heterodox than many Catholic Modernists." It would be easy to show that Mazzini was in no sense a Catholic—he rejected, for instance, the Trinity—but the really important fact to be noted here is that she, and many like her, rising above creed and sect, regarded him as the incarnation of the holiest qualities vouchsafed to man. She admits with perfect candor that, if he had been a practicing Catholic, "he would have been fettered, and could not have preached so freely the universal brotherhood of Humanity." And she calls him "the last of the saints." Her book is thus a beautiful record, not only of Mazzini, but of the loyalty he inspired. It is, as she says of some of her early letters to him, "the testimony of a host of devoted lives."

Gen. Gates Phillips Thruston, who died in Nashville, Tenn., on Saturday, at the age of seventy-seven, served with distinction in the Civil War. In 1890 he published "Antiquities of Tennessee and Adjacent States."

Dr. Alice Bunker Stockham, who devoted much of her life to the cause of women's rights, is dead at her home near Los Angeles, Cal., aged seventy-nine. For some years she practiced medicine in Chicago and thereabouts, and later established a publishing house to issue her own and other "advanced" works. Her writings include: "Tokology, a Book of Maternity," "Koradine," "Karazza," "Tolstoi, a Man of Peace," and "The Lover's World, a Wheel of Life."

American scholars will learn with regret of the death of Edward Arber, who was killed in London by a taxicab, about a fortnight ago. Professor Arber's reprints of early English literature and documents

bearing on it have come to be a necessary part of many a student's equipment. Born in 1836, Arber as a youth attended evening classes at King's College, London. From 1854 to 1878 he was a clerk in the Admiralty, resigning in the latter year to accept a lectureship in English at University College, London. Five years later he was appointed professor of English at Mason College, Birmingham, a position which he held until 1894. The first of Arber's reprints of Elizabethan and Stuart documents was issued in 1868. He next turned his attention to works of larger size, such as "The Marprelate Tracts," which were brought out in the English Scholars' Library. He also published at this time his "English Garner," a miscellany of tracts of the sixteenth to the eighteenth century. Finally, his transcript of the Registers of the Stationers' Company, on which he was engaged off and on from 1875 to 1894, has been a great boon to students especially of early drama. Oxford put its approval on his work in 1905 by granting him the degree of D.Litt.

## Science

*Sub-alpine Plants, or the Flowers of the Swiss Woods and Meadows.* By H. S. Thompson. Thirty-three colored plates (168 figures). New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3 net.

Having successfully written of Alpine Plants in an earlier work, the author in this new volume now essays to describe the plants of slightly lower elevations. He has divided his work into a shorter first part (36 pages) and a longer part (264 pages), the latter taken up with a description of the different species growing from 3,000 to 5,000 feet altitude. As a definition of *sub-alpine* these altitudinal restrictions leave much to be desired, and the author makes apology for taking this as his standard, rather than the less arbitrary limit of tree vegetation, especially the beech and coniferous trees. He seems to know nothing of the fundamental work of Cleveland Abbe on the relation of the length of the growing season to vegetation—a causative factor splendidly illustrated in most mountain ranges, where the progressively diminishing length of the growing season, as one reaches higher altitudes, is reflected in the increasing alpine character of the plants.

The section of the work devoted to fruits and berries describes carefully the autumnal characteristics of many of the most interesting sub-alpine plants. As a guide to the amateur botanist it should serve excellently to point out some unfamiliar autumnal disguises of spring favorites. The two chapters on alpine gardens and the cultivation of alpine plants are instructive for England and the Continent, but American readers must be on their guard as to the author's cultural remarks. Our hot, dry summers preclude the cultivation of many plants mentioned by him, except

in the higher elevations some distance from the coast. Complete directions for collecting and preserving plants fill one chapter, which will be found useful to the traveller.

The body of the work is taken up with the more interesting plants growing within the restrictions mentioned above. The descriptions for the most part are accurately drawn and contain as little as possible of technical language. The author includes careful notes on the situation in which each species is likely to be found, its general distribution on the Continent and in England, and the month of flowering.

The usefulness of the book to the amateur botanist is not impaired by the fact that the sequence of plant families used is one that has had no scientific sanction for twenty years, but it would have been desirable to adopt the newer method. While the book is obviously not for professional botanists, the author's amateur constituency has the right to expect correctness of statement. That ecology is merely a study of plant associations (pp. 3 and 28), that the bog myrtle, a common American plant, is exclusively "Arctic and Western European" (p. 4), and that an ovary is a "carpel enclosing one or more ovules" (p. 41), are unfortunate examples of inaccuracy. However, the general excellence of the work as a handbook of the sub-alpine region of Switzerland, together with the beautifully colored plates, which help materially in determining the most critical species, more than atones for minor shortcomings.

Sir George Howard Darwin, second son of the famous Charles Darwin, and since 1883 Plumian professor of astronomy and experimental philosophy at Cambridge, England, died in London on Saturday. He was born in 1845. Jointly with his brother he wrote on "Small Deflections of the Plumb Line Due to Movement of the Earth." He wrote many papers for scientific journals, besides "The Tides and Kindred Phenomena in the Solar System," which appeared in 1901.

## Drama

John Galsworthy's latest contribution to the stage, "The Eldest Son" (Scribner), which has just been produced in London, by a singular coincidence is closely akin in subject to the "Hindle Wakes" of Stanley Houghton, presented in this city on Monday evening, after a successful run in the British metropolis. Both plays deal with the "unwritten law," which prescribes marriage as the one reparation for seduction, and in both the female sufferer, though from different motives, refuses the proffered atonement. Mr. Galsworthy's work, as might be expected, is strong in characterization and powerful simplicity of literary expression, while it is a model of

compact and skilful construction; but it is far more ingenious as a bit of special pleading than it is helpful in its conclusions. He suggests no solution of the direfully familiar problems which he proposes and illustrates. Bill Cheshire, the eldest son of a rich baronet, of ancient lineage, has misled Freda, the pretty daughter of his father's gamekeeper. An under-keeper on the estate has got a village girl into trouble, and the Baronet, lord of all he surveys, and a great stickler for the proprieties among the lower orders, decrees that he must marry the girl or leave his place without a character. Bill, who is no profligate, learning that Freda is about to become a mother, pledges himself to marry her, and resolutely stands by his promise in the face of his mother's heartbroken protestations and his father's threat of disinheritance. The under-keeper, by agreeing to wed his innamorata, adds to the discomfort of the baronet, who tries to justify his inconsistency by arguing that the cases are dissimilar, as, so far as their consequences are concerned, they undoubtedly are. Bill, however, is immovable, and the dramatic crisis is acute, when Freda, perceiving that her betrothed is actuated by a sense of honor only, not inspired by personal devotion, peremptorily refuses him, being supported by her sturdy father, who declares that he will have no "charity marriage" in his family. This clearly is a most lame and impotent ending, wholly unworthy of the apparent sincerity and indisputable freshness and vigor with which a commonplace story has been brought to a poignant climax. The whole play bears more evidence of radical bias than of sound or practical social philosophy, but is notable for the veracity of its types—there is not a personage in it who is not a living, breathing figure—and the fine quality of the dialogue, which is natural without being trivial or vulgar. As drama it is incomplete. It needs a sequel and Mr. Galsworthy ought to write one. Possibly he means to do so. He has already laid the foundations.

The "Hindle Wakes" of Stanley Houghton, presented in Maxine Elliott's Theatre, is a much more juvenile and less skilful production, loosely made and loosely written, but is, nevertheless, a notable work, especially for a beginner. In respect of its logical dramatic conclusion, it has the advantage over "The Eldest Son," but in general workmanship it is far inferior, except in the opening scenes. Interest, excited in the beginning, is largely exhausted before it is partly revived by the final solution. Fanny Hawthorne, a wilful but hitherto respectable mill-hand, goes off on a week's end frolic with Alan Jeffcote, the son of her employer. When her parents discover the truth they appeal to old Jeffcote—strict in business as well as religion—who promptly ordains that Alan shall marry Fanny, on pain of disinheritance, and break his long-standing engagement with his betrothed Beatrice. The latter concurs in this verdict, while vowing that she loves Alan dearly. Wherefore Alan, threatened with loss of money as well as of a wife, submits, after long resistance, and agrees to take Fanny as his bride. But Fanny positively refuses to have anything more to do with him. She will not marry a man, she says, who has thrown over another woman at his

father's command. Such a match could only end in mutual distrust and misery. Moreover, she does not love him, is not ashamed, prefers liberty, and is perfectly able to take care of herself. Here, at all events, is a definite and dramatic conclusion, with assigned reasons. But it is absurd to suppose that plays of this kind can have any general application, or even suggest a solution of the problem involved. Such independence as Fanny's, if generally adopted as a precedent, would lead to the most disastrous consequences. But "Hindle Wakes" deserves credit for sincerity of purpose, truthful characterization, and natural humor and pathos. The representation of it here is not so effective as it might be.

The London critics vie with each other in glowing appreciation of Granville Barker's production of "Twelfth Night" at the Savoy Theatre. One of them writes:

As a picture it was even more charming than "The Winter's Tale," for all mere eccentricity had been discarded. As a delivery of the poet's text it was incomparably better.

The plot of "Les Flambeaux," by Henri Bataille, just produced at the Porte Saint Martin, deals with the career of a scientist and his wife, who, collaborating, are on the point of making an important discovery. Yet, despite his wife's help, he deceives her and, in a different way, another assistant of his labors. In the end he attempts to straighten out the muddle by introducing the thought of high ideals, which, like the spirit of science, should lift men above pettiness and banalities. These ideals are the "flambeaux," corresponding to the uplifting influence of the stars in the firmament.

Mrs. Joseph R. Grismer, better known on the stage as Phoebe Davies, died last week in Larchmont, N. Y. She retired from the stage two years ago, after playing for many years in "Way Down East," under her husband's management. She was born in Wales, in 1864, and came to America with her father, Capt. Daniel Davies. In her own line of character, she was a competent performer, and throughout her career she enjoyed a considerable measure of popularity.

The death in London of Joseph Arnold Cave, the veteran actor-manager, removes one of the last links with the days of the old concert-rooms and cellars that preceded the modern music-hall. Mr. Cave reached the age of eighty-nine on October 1, and his stage career dated back to eighty years ago, for he was only nine when he went on the stage, to appear as Tom Thumb in a burlesque at what was then the Pavilion in the Edgeware Road, London, but has since been the Marylebone Theatre and the West London Theatre. He became champion clog-dancer of England at the age of sixteen. Later he sang at some tea gardens which occupied the site of St. Mary's Church, Cambridge Terrace, Bayswater, and appeared in operatic revivals at the Apollo, in Marylebone, when the conductor was Love, afterwards conductor to Charles Kean, at the Princess' Theatre. At the Bower, in Lambeth, managed by Henrietta Hodson's grandfather, he was associated with Charles Calvert, James Fernandez, and other well-known players, and was a great favorite at the famous Cider Cellars in Maiden Lane. In 1858 he under-



took the management of the Marylebone Theatre; Sadler's Wells was also at one time under his control, and at the Victoria (originally the Coburg), in the Waterloo Road, his company included Robert Soutar, Sam Emery, Marie Litton, and Nellie Faren. In 1905 Mr. Cave, through the influence of King Edward, was nominated a Brother of the Charterhouse.

## Music

*Selected Piano Composition: Franz Schubert.* Edited by August Spanuth. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. \$1.50.

*Forty Songs: Peter Iljitch Tchaikovsky.* Edited by James Huneker. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. \$1.50.

*German, French, and Italian Song Classics.* Edited by Horatio Parker. New York: John Church Co. \$1.50.

*Creature Songs.* By Louise Ayre Garnett. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. \$1.25 net.

"Back to Mozart!" is a cry often heard now from music-lovers who are tired of the complexities of contemporary music and long for a revival of the simple melodious style of the olden times. "Back to Schubert!" would be a better motto still, for as an original melodist Schubert is at least the equal of Mozart, and in other respects—in his harmonies, modulations, and color effects—he is far superior. In these things the composers of our day can learn much more from Schubert than from Mozart. Rubinstein placed Schubert above Mozart, and the time will come when this verdict will be generally accepted. It is only in the opera that Mozart excels—far excels—Schubert. His best symphonies and chamber works, on the other hand, are less inspired than Schubert's, and as for the songs and piano pieces, Mozart cannot be regarded as the equal of the composer of the "Doppelgänger," the "Erlking," the Musical Moments, and the Impromptus. That Schubert stands above all other song writers is now universally conceded; but far too few know how fascinating are his piano pieces. Rubinstein regarded them as even more marvellous in their originality than the songs. Liszt, before him, had commented on the rare treasures to be found among them. Paderewski adores and often plays them. Dvorák always had a collection of them lying on his piano for the education and delectation of his children.

It was inevitable that a selection of these piano pieces should be incorporated in the admirable Musicians' Library published by the Oliver Ditson Company. The editor deplores the fact that many lovely pieces by Schubert are to this day virtually unknown outside of professional circles, and he blames the concert pianists for not doing their duty.

They give their audiences too much of Debussy, Ravel, Scriabine, and others of the day—writers whose eccentricities soon exhaust the interest of the hearers. No better contrast could be provided than the naïveté and spontaneity of Schubert. Mr. Spanuth's collection brings conveniently together eight Impromptus, six Musical Moments, some waltzes, a galop, an allegretto, the fantasia in G minor, the andante from the B flat major sonata, and some other things. Only one of the sonatas is given complete, that in A minor, opus 42, which is most characteristic of the composer. We should have liked to see also at least the scherzo of the posthumous sonata in B flat major, the trio of which Dvorák particularly admired. Undeniably, all these sonatas are too long. Schubert never knew when to stop except when he set out specially to write a short piece, such as an Impromptu or a Musical Moment. In commenting on these short pieces, Mr. Spanuth hardly does justice to their originality of form, which is as great as that of the songs. Nor does he call attention to the great influence these groups of pieces had on the development of piano music. The G major Impromptu, for instance, is the root of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words," and no one can play these pieces, and particularly also the presto of C major Fantaisie, without a startling realization of how deep an influence they exerted on Chopin. Riemann maintains that Liszt, also, had his harmonious roots in Schubert. In going back to Schubert we should therefore have nothing to lose and much to gain. Mr. Spanuth's volume is timely, and must be commended, with its excellent introductory remarks, to pianists, professional as well as amateur. It will help along the renaissance of melody.

Mr. Huneker thinks that, except Schumann, no composer tells us so much of himself as Tchaikovsky. "Every piece of his is signed, and he does not hesitate to make the most astonishing confessions." "The tragedy of a life is penned behind the bars of his music." He wrote "with tears in his soul" "Nur wer die Sehnsucht Kennt" and other moving songs. To have forty of the best of these songs—there are a hundred altogether—in one volume is an advantage which will be widely appreciated, all the more as the editor's introduction is helpful, the choice judicious, and the English translations made with the same care that has been bestowed on the other volumes of the Musicians' Library. Not all of Tchaikovsky's songs are first-rate, by any means; some of them he dashed off for ready cash, and others were composed at moments when his melodic ideas were not so distinguished as usual. But concerning Goethe's "None but the Lonely Heart," Mr. Huneker is probably right in saying that not Schubert himself gave musi-

cal utterance to its woe as did the Russian. Nor does he say too much in praise of "Don Juan's Serenade," "Mignon's Song," and "Disappointment." It is to be hoped that these and others of the songs in the present collection will henceforth be included more frequently in American concert programmes to vary the monotony of the ever-present Brahms, Debussy, Wolf, and Strauss, for most of which the public does not care because they are not melodious.

German songs are, as a matter of course, most numerous in Professor Parker's collection of fifty "Song Classics." The *Lied* is so thoroughly a German creation that even the French have adopted the word. As for the Italians, they have always been too much interested in opera to cultivate the parlor song with piano. To include them worthily in his volume Professor Parker had to fall back on Caccini, Pergolesi, Scarlatti, and Lotti. The French give a better account of themselves. Although they also are chiefly interested in opera, they have composed a considerable number of songs that are worth while. Bizet, Faure, Gounod, Massenet, and Saint-Saëns are creditably represented here; but as a matter of course, Schubert, Schumann, Franz, Brahms, and Wolf, with other Germans, make up the bulk of the book. The absence of Richard Strauss is doubtless due to copyright difficulties. Among the three songs of Grieg one is glad to see the wonderful "Vom Monte Pincio," which, for some unknown reason—perhaps because it is too difficult—is never sung in public. All the songs are printed with the original words as well as English versions.

Louise Ayre Garnett's book of songs, for which she wrote both words and music, is not a classic, but simply a holiday book for young folk, with a funny picture of animals or other things at the head of each song.

The vocal score of "The Firefly," which won such a decided success last week at the Lyric Theatre, has been published by G. Schirmer. The composer of the operetta is an Hungarian, Rudolf Friml.

Julia Culp, who is to arrive here about the beginning of the New York season, seems to be unanimously regarded by European critics as one of the greatest singers of the time.

Ossip Gabrilowitsch began in Berlin on November 23 a series of recitals which will illustrate the development of the piano concerto from Bach through Mozart and Beethoven to the present day.

Eugen d'Albert, after several incursions into the realm of comic opera, which were not attended with happy results, has gone back to that field of music-drama in which he has thus far most forcibly appealed to the public taste. He has written a companion work to "Tiefand," which, under the title "Liebesketten" (Love's Fetters),

was produced recently at the Vienna Volksoper (People's Opera). The subject, like that of "Tiefland," is taken from one of those lurid plays fashioned for the Spanish artist Guero, the scene of action being laid in Brittany.

Prof. Otis Bardwell Boise, head of the department of composition at the Peabody Conservatory of Music, Baltimore, died in that city last week, at the age of sixty-eight. "Harmony Made Practical" and "Music and Its Masters" are among his published works.

## Art

Mrs. M. S. Watts is about to publish the biography of her husband, George Frederic Watts, the painter. Dezan will bring it out in this country.

It is proposed to create a memorial to Prof. George N. Olcott, who, until his death, was keenly interested in the development at Columbia University of a small but well-selected collection of antiquities to aid the work of the department in Roman archaeology. At the time of his death there were temporarily included in the collection a number of objects, for the purchase of which no funds had as yet become available. If a sufficient amount shall be contributed, these objects will be acquired as a fitting memorial to Dr. Olcott's unwearied devotion. Subscriptions may be sent to Miss Helen H. Tanzer, the Normal College, Sixty-eighth Street and Park Avenue, New York city.

The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts announces its one hundred and eighth annual exhibition, which will open to the public on Sunday, February 9, and close on Sunday, March 30. The jury of artists is composed of the following members: Painting—W. Sergeant Kendall, chairman; Emil Carlsen, William J. Edmondson, Johanna K. W. Hallman, Robert Henri, Elizabeth Sparhawk Jones, Garl Melchers, William M. Paxton, Joseph T. Pearson, Jr., Henry R. Rittenberg, and Charles Morris Young. Sculpture—Herbert Adams, Karl Bitter, and Charles Gaffy. The following are on the hanging committee: W. Sergeant Kendall, Joseph T. Pearson, Jr., and Charles Gaffy. Clement B. Newbold is chairman of the committee on exhibition.

The catalogue of contemporary German graphic art, upon which Mr. Martin Birmingham, of the Berlin Photographic Company, has long been at work, is at length complete. It mentions etchings, lithographs, woodcuts, and original drawings to the number of 350, by eighty-three artists. The exhibition will be shown for a month in New York, and later in other cities.

We have received from V. G. Fischer an illustrated catalogue of old masters exhibited in his gallery opposite the Public Library. The pictures are some seventy. Of especial interest are a brilliant sketch by El Greco, and masterly portraits by Drouais and Goya. Among the Northern examples a grim masculine head by Cranach and Mabuse's jewel-like effigy of Eleanor of Austria are most notable. A Botticelli school piece, in which an exquisite landscape outlook seems to be by

the master's hand, is of especial interest to minute connoisseurs. A romantic female portrait by Bacchiaca is familiar to visitors to this gallery. It may be noted that a very odd panel by Martin Schaffner, representing four kings working on a Romanesque church, undoubtedly represents the *Quatuor coronati*, the patron saints of the masons and sculptors. Who will may read their names on the panel itself or consult the "Golden Legend." Nothing in the collection is more charming than a fantastically alluring female portrait ascribed to a rather feeble Leonardesque painter, Giampedrino. Despite the high authority for the attribution, one would gladly see some more original master in so remarkable a work. Of the Dutch pictures the most remarkable are a small head of a laughing child by Frans Hals, and an admirable *Musical* by Terburg.

F. Weitenkampf's writing on the graphic arts always has the qualities that befit a distinguished public official—sane conservatism in taste, accurate scholarship, and a kind of robust good sense. The latest book of the print curator of the Public Library, "American Graphic Art" (Holt), displays these familiar excellencies. The chronicle is divided topically under Etching, Line Engraving, Mezzotint and Stipple, Lithography, Woodcutting in black line and in white, Illustration, and Advertising. Mr. Weitenkampf has assembled under each head an extraordinary amount of information. Our only quarrel with him is that such encyclopædic fulness occasionally impairs the generally readable quality of his text. A better critical emphasis might have been obtained by omitting the obscurer draughtsmen. Possibly Keese's "The Poets of America, Illustrated by one of her Painters," 1841, might have been included as an early and rather creditable attempt at once to illustrate and decorate an imaginative text. Blake's decorations for Young's "Night Thoughts" seem to have been the model, and one of the designs is "Drawn by W. H. Croome." Mr. Weitenkampf's book contains about forty well-chosen illustrations.

The many beautiful illustrations from Salem and other Massachusetts North Shore towns would alone justify the publication of "Colonial Homes and Their Furnishings" (Little, Brown), by Mary H. Northend. The author is known as an indefatigable collector of photographs of colonial architecture and its accessories. Her text impresses one as being written more or less round the pictures. It shows, nevertheless, evidences of determination to get the proper facts. The grouping of data is sometimes faulty, as in the chapter on old China, which, without reference to the distinction between porcelain and pottery, includes salt-glazed and Delft wares. The manner of philosophizing is exemplified by the following:

Colonial is synonymous of the best, and objects created during its influence are always of a higher degree of perfection than the best of other periods. Looking about for a reason for this, we are confronted with the realization that the work of that time was carefully planned and carefully finished, craftsmen giving to their output the best their brains could devise, and allowing no reason, however urgent, to interfere with the completion of a certain object as they had originally planned it to be. Therein lies the real reason of the superiority of things colonial. Later-day artisans sacrificed quality to quantity.

G. F. Hill's "Portrait Medals of Italian Artists of the Renaissance" (Macmillan) is a thoroughgoing bit of special scholarship which seems to exhaust its field. It is as well an entirely readable book. Mr. Hill has collected and reproduced something like sixty medallion portraits beginning with Leon Battista Alberti and ending with Artemesia Gentileschi. The most famous portraits are those of the brothers Bellini, Pisanello, Michelangelo, Bramante, and Titian. The commentary presents all the information expected in a *catalogue raisonné*, and as well suggestive critical notes. The medals are clearly reproduced to scale, and the book is generally well made.

Books almost innumerable on house-building are being issued by publishers on both sides of the ocean. There is more or less trash, but also not a little good wheat in all this grist, and the average quality of the books of this class put forth by reputable houses has greatly improved of late years. The artistic possibilities of the country house of moderate size and cost are better understood among us than formerly, and there is an increasing demand for non-technical manuals and treatises by men of experience and sound taste. Such a book is Allen W. Jackson's "The Half-Timber House: its Origin, Design, Modern Plan and Construction, Illustrated with Photographs of old Examples and American Adaptations of the Style" (McBride, Nast). The style is familiar and not always dignified, but the general attitude and the critical estimates of the author are sound and discriminating. As a clever special plea for the general adoption in America of the English type of half-timber design and construction it is well done, and almost disposes of the many serious difficulties and objections which stand in the way of the naturalizing of this type of house architecture. The experienced builder and the architect will no doubt make the proper allowances for the enthusiasm of the advocate, but it might be well to warn the layman that of all the styles of house design and construction the English half-timber style is the most delicate and difficult to handle with success, both on the artistic and practical sides. That it is capable of the most charming results is, however, true, as the admirable illustrations of both English and American examples in this volume abundantly prove.

Jonathan Scott Hartley, sculptor, who was president of the Art Students' League from 1878 to 1880, and of the National Academy in 1891, died on Friday of last week in New York, at the age of sixty-seven. A marble-cutter when little more than a boy, he went to England to begin serious work at the Royal Academy, when he was but twenty-two. Later he studied in Germany, Paris, and Rome. His wife was a daughter of George Inness. Hartley's name is associated with ideal subjects in clay, one of which, entitled "The Whirlwind," was very favorably received in 1878. He did many busts of actors and actresses, including Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, John Gilbert, and Ada Rehan. He was the sculptor of the Daguerre monument in Washington, the Ericsson monument in this city, the statue of Miles Morgan in Springfield, Mass., and statues of Alfred the



Great for the Appellate Court building, this city, and Thomas K. Beecher in Elmira. His latest work was a group of a boy and rabbits, the "Cradle of Pan," which will be exhibited at the coming exhibition of the Academy of Design.

## Finance

### THE BREAK IN THE STOCK MARKET.

A decline in prices, running within a week to losses of 5 to 10 points in the most active shares on the Stock Exchange, always attracts attention—not only from Wall Street itself, but from the outside business community. This present reaction is certainly not the less noteworthy in that it follows a three-month period marked by every indication of reviving American prosperity, and that it was not preceded by an attempt to "discount" such prosperity by excited speculation for the rise on the Stock Exchange. In the comment of experienced financial observers, two main explanations are offered of the violent decline in stocks.

Either cause, or both causes together, may be accepted with sufficient plausibility to account for the "December break." One of them is the Supreme Court's decision of last week, ordering dissolution of the Union Pacific-Southern Pacific merger, and accompanied by such more or less unsettling incidents as the award of the railway wage arbitration board, the so-called "Money Trust" investigation, and the impending revision of the tariff. The other is the state of the money market.

The grounds for assuming the first-named set of influences as a cause for the break in prices are obvious enough. All of them create uncertainties and contain possibilities of deranging financial plans. All of them impress a good part of the financial community as phases of the day's "political unrest." It is therefore natural that, in Wall Street particularly, there should exist a tendency to assign to them the whole responsibility for the decline in stocks.

The money market situation, however, also stands by itself, and invites the inquiry as to whether, even without those other influences making for uncertainty, it would not have brought about a state of things somewhat resembling what has actually occurred on the Stock Exchange. The case is plain enough. The American market entered the autumn season with evidence that, in the sudden and nation-wide business revival, demands on the money market for legitimate trade purposes, and especially for the moving of the unprecedently large harvests, would be heavier than on any previous occasion in our history. Ordinarily, such a situation, with our export of agricultural produce

at high-water mark, would be met through extensive import of gold from Europe, whereby New York banks might restore their cash reserves, depleted through shipments of currency to the West. But the Balkan war, the panicky state of Europe's markets, and the advance of discount rates at all the great foreign banks, abruptly checked the gold import movement which had just begun.

The New York bank position was thereafter chiefly sustained by the lending of money in Wall Street by interior banks, through which the New York institutions were enabled to cancel their own Wall Street loans and conserve their resources for the business borrower. But it turned out, a fortnight ago, that these inland banks, in their eagerness to take advantage of the higher Wall Street money rates, were increasing their own loan account too much, and had thereby impaired their own reserves at the very moment when demands of interior business borrowers were rising to a maximum. Sudden recall of their Wall Street loans ensued; the 20 per cent. call money market, and the deficit in reserves in the New York bank statement of November 30.

An effort to resume import of gold from London was at first successful, and, indeed, it was wholly justified by the rate of foreign exchange; but thereupon Lombard Street quietly warned New York that further withdrawals of the sort would result in the rise of the London bank rate to the abnormal figure of 6 per cent. There was therefore left—especially in view of the fact that home demands on the money market were sure to increase with the huge "year-end requirements" of finance and trade—only one recourse for relief. The line of least resistance, under such circumstances, is through Stock Exchange liquidation.

So that the break on the market might be assigned to the money market alone, as well as to the "merger decision" alone. The one sure fact in the situation is that the process of liquidation which is now being pursued is of itself relieving the strained and abnormal position on the money market. As for the real bearing of the Southern Pacific incident on financial values, we shall have to wait awhile to be sure of that. Judgment may at least partially be suspended until the practical possibilities of the Harriman disentanglement emerge from the present confusion. It should meantime be borne in mind, however, as wise people kept in mind during the Northern Securities and Tobacco dissolutions, and at the time when the Steel prosecution was begun, that the essential purpose of the action, even if successful, is nothing but restoration of the *status quo*, with such additional intrinsic value as may have been conferred on the properties, not by

mergers and high finance, but by a series of years of great American prosperity.

It is high time that the stuff which was talked in the recent political campaign (and by at least one candidate for office) about the horrors of "driving American industry back to the methods of fifty years ago," should be treated according to its deserts. The hallmark on virtually every one of those dissolved combinations bore date either 1899 or 1901—the two years when speculative promotion shoved sober industrial achievement impatiently aside. Harriman, in his Southern Pacific combination, came nearest of any one to retaining the genuine constructive and progressive instincts, along with the speculative spirit of combination. But Harriman was a genius, and even so, his own history, after the Southern Pacific conquest, is eloquent witness to the longer results of the methods thus applied. The wild battle for Northern Pacific, with funds raised by Union Pacific in the open market, came immediately afterward. The attempt to buy up half a dozen other railways, in the same recklessly speculative way and on the basis of floating debt, was a later sequel. Both incidents were the inevitable outcome of the mischievous tendencies which it has been the office of our Supreme Court to arrest.

### BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

- Abrahams, Israel. *The Book of Delight, and Other Papers*. Philadelphia: Jewish Pub. Society of America.
- Allen, W. H. *Modern Philanthropy*. Dodd, Mead. \$1.50 net.
- Barstow, C. L. *Famous Pictures*. Century Co. 60 cents net.
- Beerbohm, Max. *A Christmas Garland*. Dutton. \$1.35 net.
- Bickley, Francis. *The Story of Marie Antoinette*. Boston: Small, Maynard.
- Birkbeck, Mrs. W. J. *The Holy Life in the Holy Land*. Longmans. \$1.25 net.
- Black's Guide to Ireland. Twenty-fifth edition. Macmillan. \$1.75 net.
- Bland, J. O. P. *Recent Events and Present Policies in China*. Philadelphia: Lippincott. \$4 net.
- Blauvelt, M. T. *Solitude Letters*. Boston: Sherman, French. \$1.30 net.
- Burrell, D. de F. *The Hermit's Christmas*. American Tract Society. 15 cents net.
- Bussell, F. W. *A New Government for the British Empire*. Longmans. \$1.25 net.
- Candee, H. C. *The Tapestry Book*. Stokes. \$3.50 net.
- Capers, W. B. *The Soldier-Bishop*. Ellison Capers. Neale Pub. Co. \$3 net.
- Carman, Bliss. *Echoes from Vagabondia*. Boston: Small, Maynard. \$1 net.
- Carpenter, W. B. *My Bible*. Cassell.
- Chavannes, Puvion de. *Forty-eight plates, with notes by J. Laran, and biographical study by André Michel*. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
- Chesterton, Cecil. *The Story of Nell Gwyn*. Boston: Small, Maynard.
- Cooper, F. T. *Some English Story Tellers: The Younger Novelists*. Holt. \$1.60 net.
- Cooper, Lane. *Ancient and Modern Letters: An Address Reprinted from the South Atlantic Quarterly*.
- Currie, B. W., and McHugh, A. *Officer 666*. H. K. Fly Co. \$1.25 net.
- Darling, E. B. *Up in Alaska*. (Poems.) California: Jos. M. Anderson. \$1.
- Davies, A., and Nirdlinger, C. *The First Lady in the Land*. H. K. Fly Co. \$1.25 net.

- Ditchfield, P. H. *The Old English Country Squire*. Doran. \$3.50 net.
- Drew, Reginald. *Anne Boleyn*. Boston: Sherman, French. \$1.35 net.
- Eldert, I. K. *Threads for the Soul's Garment*. Boston: Badger. \$1 net.
- Emerson, Ralph Waldo. *Journals*. Vols. VII and VIII. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$1.75 net each.
- Engel, Sigmund. *The Elements of Child-Protection*. Translated by Eden Paul. Macmillan. \$3.50 net.
- Ewing, R., and Trott, J. *The Book of the Beastie*. Highland Park, Ill.: The Authors. 75 cents.
- Fauley, W. F. *Seeing Europe on Sixty Dollars*. Desmond Fitzgerald. 75 cents net.
- Fillebrown, C. B. *A Single Tax Handbook for 1913*. Boston: The Author. 25 cents.
- Friends' General Conference. *Proceedings held at Chautauqua, 1912. Friends' Intelligence Supplement*.
- Gallagher, J. T. *The Leprechaun*. Boston: Sherman, French. \$1 net.
- Garis, H. R. *Uncle Wiggily's Adventures*. Fenno & Co. 75 cents.
- Greenleaf S. G. *The Three Knaves*. Fenno & Co. \$1.25 net.
- Guerrant, E. O. *The Gospel of the Lilies*. Boston: Sherman, French. \$1 net.
- Harold, Child. *The Complete Optimist*. Dutton. 60 cents net.
- Harvard College Observatory Annals. Vols. 64-8, 72-4; Vol. 67.
- Headlam, Cecil. *Provence and Languedoc*. Doran. \$3.50 net.
- Hibbert, W. *Magnets and Electric Ignition*. Macmillan. 70 cents net.
- Is Jesus God? *An Argument by Graduates of Princeton Seminary*. American Tract Society. 50 cents net.
- King, F. H. *Farmers of Forty Centuries, or Permanent Agriculture in China, Korea, and Japan*. Madison, Wis.: Mrs. F. H. King. \$2.50.
- Kirtlev, J. S. *That Boy of Yours*. Doran. \$1 net.
- Lang, Andrew. *Shakespeare, Bacon, and the Great Unknown*. Longmans. \$3 net.
- Loveman, Robert. *On the Way to Willowdale*. (Poems.) Dalton, Ga.: Showalter Co.
- McConaughy, J. W. *The Typhoon*. H. K. Fly Co. \$1.25 net.
- Marvin, F. R. *A Free Lance*. Boston: Sherman, French. \$1.25 net.
- Meinertzhagen, Georgina. *A Bremen Family*. Longmans. \$2.50 net.
- Manet, Edouard. *Forty-eight plates, with notes by J. Laran and G. Le Bas*. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
- Merrick, Leonard. *One Man's View*. Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.20 net.
- Miles, H. K. *Gragg's Roost*. American Tract Society. \$1 net.
- Moorhouse, E. H. *The Story of Lady Hamilton*. Boston: Small, Maynard.
- Moxom, P. S. *Two Masters*. Browning and Turgeneff. Boston: Sherman, French. \$1 net.
- My Picture Puzzle Book. Verses by L. L. Weedon. Dutton. \$2.
- Nicoll, W. R. *The Problem of "Edwin Drood"*. Doran. \$1.25 net.
- Nursery Rhyme Land. Dutton. 50 cents.
- Nursery Toys and Rhymes: *Painting Book*. Dutton. 50 cents.
- Olivier, Emile. *The Franco-Prussian War and Its Hidden Causes*. Trans. from the French by G. B. Ives. Boston: Little, Brown. \$2.50 net.
- Parker, Gilbert. *Works*. Vols. III and IV. Scribner. (\$2 each, in sets.)
- Parkin, G. R. *The Rhodes Scholarships*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$2 net.
- Peabody, J. E., and Hunt, A. E. *Elementary Biology, Animal and Human*. Macmillan. \$1 net.
- Photograms of the Year, 1912: *Annual Review of the World's Pictorial Photographic Work*, edited by F. J. Mortimer. Tennant & Ward. \$1.25.
- Pickhardt, Emile. *Lilt o' the Birds*. Boston: Sherman, French. \$1.25 net.
- Pigou, A. C. *Wealth and Welfare*. Macmillan. \$3.35 net.
- Prescott, F. C. *Poetry and Dreams*. Boston: Badger. \$1 net.
- Price, M. P. *Siberia*. Doran. \$2.50 net.
- Pugh, Edwin. *The Charles Dickens Originals*. Scribner.
- Reeve, F. C. *Physical Laboratory Guide*. American Book Co. 60 cents.
- Rogers, E. W. *The Journal of a Country Woman*. Eaton & Mains. \$1.25 net.
- Rolt-Wheeler, Francis. *Nimrod: A Drama*. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. \$1 net.
- Rosegger, Peter. *The Forest Farm: Tales of the Austrian Tyrol*. London: A. C. Fifield.
- Schofield, W. H. *Chivalry in English Literature*. Harvard University. \$1.50 net.
- Shields, Frederic. *Life and Letters*, edited by E. Mills. Longmans. \$3 net.
- Steizle, Charles. *American Social and Religious Conditions*. Revell. \$1 net.
- Stevenson, John. *A Boy in the Country*. Longmans, Green. \$1.50 net.
- Stewart, H. L. *Questions of the Day in Philosophy and Psychology*. Longmans. \$3 net.
- Taylor, E. R. *Into the Light*. Boston: Sherman, French. \$1.25 net.
- Taylor, M. A. *Delfina of the Dolphins*. London: A. C. Fifield.
- Titterton, S. B. *The Voice of a Child*. American Tract Society. 35 cents net.
- Tyndale, Walter. *An Artist in Egypt*. Doran.
- Underwood, F. M. *United Italy*. Doran. \$3.50 net.
- Van Deussen, A. H. *The Van Deussen Family*. 2 vols. Frank Allaben Genealogical Co.
- Vaughan, Bernard. *Socialism from the Christian Standpoint: Ten Conferences*. Macmillan. \$1.50 net.
- Work, E. W. *By the Roadside*. American Tract Society. 15 cents net.
- Wynne, May. *A Blot on the Escutcheon*. Fenno & Co. \$1.25 net.

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